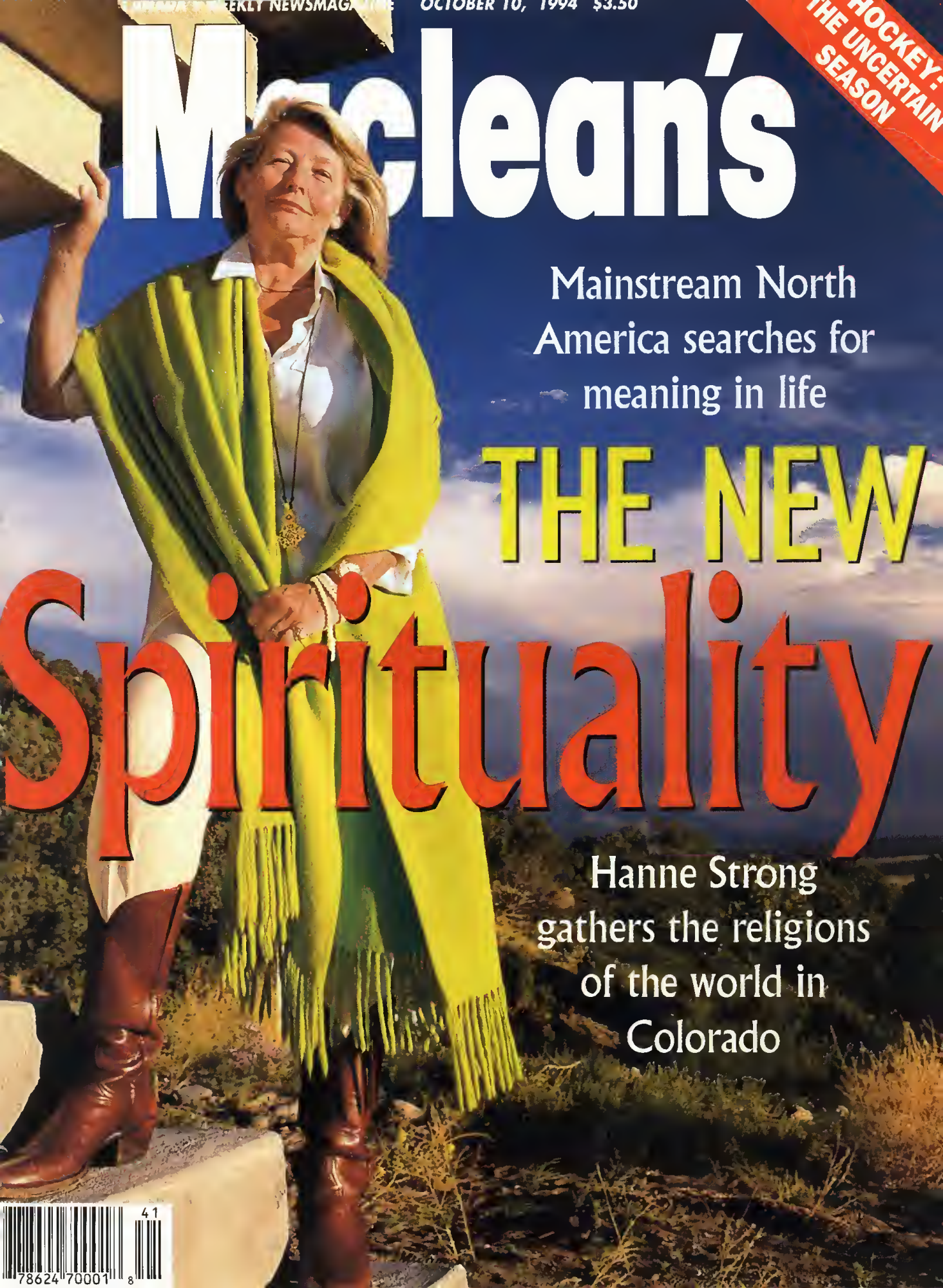
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE OCTOBER 10, 1994 $3.50

Maclean's

HOCKEY: THE UNCERTAIN SEASON



Mainstream North America searches for meaning in life

THE NEW Spirituality

Hanne Strong gathers the religions of the world in Colorado

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COVER PHOTO BY J.D. MARSTON

The new spirituality



PETER BREGG/MACLEAN'S

44 Mainstream North America is on a massive spiritual quest, sampling a smorgasbord of Eastern and metaphysical beliefs in search of psychological assurances that materialism has failed to provide. There are signs that, far from being just another baby boom fad, it represents a significant shift away from traditional religion.



WAYNE STANLEY

Waiting game

40 NHL owners postponed the scheduled opening of the season—and the day of reckoning in their labor dispute with the players—until Oct. 15. But the sides remain far apart, and two extra weeks may be too little time.

On the line

22 All over Haiti, soldiers were settling in for what promises to be a long and difficult effort to rebuild the shattered Caribbean nation. But in a country where violence is endemic, the U.S. military occupation has not brought an end to the killing—at least not yet.



JEFF CHRISTENSEN/REUTER



Life After Hockey

"I really miss it, I really miss it," Senator Keith Davey lamented as he spooned through his customary bowl of breakfast porridge at a Toronto hotel. It is not that Davey has given up brown sugar or cafe latte. No, Toronto's number 1 ball fan is suffering withdrawal from the abrupt end of the baseball season. "I missed those nights in September, staying up late to see who is going to win," he says. And pity the Expos' last weekend they could have been ending their season at home against Atlanta, heading for the playoffs and, possibly, a World Series victory.



BRYNIE STANLEY

Vancouver's Pacific Coliseum: time for reading and golf

Last week, hockey fans were contemplating a similar loss, as the NHL delayed the start of its season until at least Oct. 15 and appealed for a resumption of contract negotiations. Before responding, the players' union boss Bob Goodenow provided some sense of the deep feelings when he said: "If that is what they want, we are ready for a long, nasty and dirty fight." That stance is a sharp contrast to that of his predecessor, Alan Eagleson, who often socialized with former league president John Ziegler—in fact, when someone was trying to advise Ziegler that Wayne Gretzky had just been traded by Edmonton to Los Angeles, the prez was playing golf with the union leader.

Anyway, the die-hard baseball and hockey fans have been left to dine out on such trivia while the rest of the world, quite cheerfully, gets on with life. And, frankly, it is a bit of a relief. For Montrealers, there will be no October angst about whether the Expos are going to go all the way—and no psychological crash if they do not; there will be no more squeezing into the tight seats at Toronto's Sky-Dome and bobbing back and forth to catch a glimpse of the play, while the tourists parade up and down the aisles shopping for merchandise; there are no more stats to master for lunchtime discussions; no more breathless TV announcers shouting out the overnight scoreboard, no more tedious sports panels analyzing last night's game or the latest multimillion-dollar salary.

And there is time, lots of it, for other pursuits, like reading, playing golf, going to the movies, hanging out with the family. In Toronto, the Second City comedy troupe reports that attendance is up as a result of the baseball strike, as do several other theatre companies. The Mirvish empire is even offering cut-rate tickets for *Miss Saigon* to people who turn in unused Blue Jays tickets. Indeed, the hockey moguls—owners and skaters—should reflect seriously on the consequences of a lengthy lockout. From all available signs, if they are not careful, folks could get very comfortable not having them to kick around.

Robert Lewis

HE PROMISED

"I've clearly indicated that the referendum would be held, for example, eight to 10 months after the election date."

—Jacques Parizeau, Parti Québécois leader, Aug. 8, 1994.

"What you see is what you get. I am telling you '95, well, the horizon is '95."

—Premier Jacques Parizeau, Sept. 28, 1994.

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LETTERS

Viewer's choice

Through your choice of excerpts from Knowlton Nash's coming book and your characterization of the atmosphere in the CBC's executive offices during the 1989-1993 period, you have created an image that in no way corresponds with my recollection of significant events of those years ("Inside the CBC," Cover, Sept. 26). The truth is much more complex, if less sensational, than that conveyed by anecdotal recollections of isolated events. Gerard Veilleux provided extraordinary leadership during a time of unprecedented challenges. Much worse budget cuts would have been visited upon the CBC had it not been for his effective lobbying out of the limelight. The repositioning strategy, developed under his guidance, was the product of the work of hundreds of CBC managers, programmers and board members. Like most strategies, adjustments are made as experience shows what works and what doesn't. But the other major elements of the repositioning strategy, such as enhanced journalistic accountability, greater emphasis on cross-cultural programming, more strategic alliances, to name just a few, remain as pillars of Veilleux's legacy to the CBC.

Anthony S. Manera,
President and CEO,
Canadian Broadcasting Corp.,
Ottawa

I read with great interest John Crispo's latest rant about journalism at the CBC ("Crispo's cure"). It would be reasonable for readers to assume that, as a onetime member of the CBC's board of directors, Crispo might actually know of what he writes. However, I never once witnessed Crispo watch the news operation through its daily cycle, listen to the editorial discussions that occur on a nightly basis or quite simply conduct any on-the-spot research one would assume is necessary before slandering the reputations of those who put CBC TV's nightly newscast on the air. It's too bad. Many other past and present members of the board have done just that. And when they comment about our work, their thoughts, positive or negative, are at least based on firsthand observations.

Peter Mansbridge,
Toronto

Too bad there weren't more people like Crispo on the CBC's board. Maybe then the CBC would not be such "a lousy, left-wing, NDP, pinko network."

Emerson Dunlop,
Oromocto, N.B.



PETER BREGG/MACLEAN'S

Former anchor Knowlton Nash: the truth is more complex, if less sensational

Stop the music

As an artist who writes and sings *Women Are the Only Hope*, I have to reset my compass after reading convicted killer Karla Homolka's selfish woes ("Karla's prison letters," Opening Notes, Sept. 26).

Mendelson Joe,
Toronto

Private donations

As a blood donor who has donated several dozen times at the Red Cross, I applaud Paul Stanbury's private blood donor initiative whereby people would be able to store their blood for their own future use ("Banking on blood," Cover, Sept. 19). I will continue donating at the Red Cross, believing it to be the nation's best facility for doing so, but Stanbury's challenge should be seen as just that, a threat to the Red Cross's power base. Healthy competition will drive the Red Cross, if it responds positively, into providing a better and safer service.

James Robertson,
Calgary

Process of abolition

In "Quebec's many degrees of separation," (The Nation's Business, Sept. 19) Peter C. Newman states that Jean Lesage was looking for British parliamentary approval to abolish the Quebec legislature's upper chamber. No such approval was ever necessary for the abolition of the Legislative Council of Quebec, which took place in 1968 by the authority of the Quebec legislature itself (as had similar abolitions in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Manitoba).

Richard Toporoski,
Toronto

'Something fishy'

Something is fishy all right, and it's more than the title in Allan Fotheringham's unabashed advertisement for a new B.C. book ("Telling a great Canadian fish tale," Column, Sept. 19). One has to wonder what place "Canada's newsmagazine" has running such a blatant sell-job. Unless, of course, one happens to have seen the book and noticed that the editorial credit goes to [Allan Fotheringham's son] Brady Fotheringham.

David H. Wallace,
Vancouver

Clean house

In your article on the Innu of Davis Inlet ("Northern showdown," Canada, Sept. 19), you mention "piles of human waste in front of houses without sewage or running water." Many of us grew up in small prairie towns where houses had no central heating, no sewage, no running water, and I assure you there were no piles of human waste in our yards. My father used to haul in snow in tubs to melt on the wood stove for laundry and baths. It was a lot of work, but we all grew up clean and healthy. Poverty is no excuse.

Lois Halls,
Edmonton

Maclean's welcomes readers' views, but letters may be edited for space and clarity. Please supply name, address and daytime telephone number. Write: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 777 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7. Or fax: (416) 596-7730.



LETTERS

Best or worst?

I was pleased to see your coverage of the world population crisis in the Sept. 5 issue ("Looking for trouble" and "Apocalypse when?"). Thomas Homer-Dixon is saying loudly what many of us have been quietly worrying about for years. The pressure on scarce resources in much of the world is almost certain to lead to more conflict. I have worked as an independent volunteer on the preparations for three UN conferences on population, and I attended the previous one in Mexico City in 1984. Despite the Vatican's views to the contrary, no one that I know is actively promoting abortion, rather, we recognize abortion as a necessary procedure that should be, in the words of Tim Wirth of the U.S. delegation to Cairo, "safe, affordable and rare."

Kenneth MacKay,
Rockwood, Ont.

"Apocalypse when?" once again shows how out of step with reality and common sense the Pope is when it comes to birth control. I'm sure his attitude would change if he had to endure the living conditions described in this article.

Dave Hendrick,
Guelph, Ont.

I read with a strong impression of déjà vu the apocalyptic vision of Thomas Homer-Dixon and his colleagues. I have seen such ideas more than once. In the 1950s, it was the Red tide; the Commie plague, that threatened us. In the 1960s, environmental concerns began to take hold; the world was not supposed to last until 1994. It would not be hard to add to my list of politically correct perils, none of which have come true. I am therefore skeptical about the likelihood of this one. For me, Charles Dickens's statement holds true and will probably continue to do so: "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."

Ron Carleton,
Clearbrook, B.C.

Clarifying advocacy

Barbara Amiel urges us to join with her in mocking psychiatric survivors and the concept of the Advocacy Commission ("The new enforcers for the disabled," Column, Sept. 5). She portrays the commissioners as people with a "chip on their shoulder." Amiel seems to begrudge people who are being forcibly transported, incarcerated, drugged, electroshocked and labelled for life, the opportunity to tell their side of the story to someone outside the system. Yes, Barbara, psychiatric oppression and abuse exist. No, Barbara, the "autonomy that remains in both the family and the professions" cannot be counted on to remedy the abuses—in fact, they encourage them.

Chap Haynes,
Director of Advocacy Services,
Mental Health Consumer Advocacy Network Nova Scotia,
Tatamagouche, N.S.



REUTER

Pope John Paul II: out of step with reality

It is hard to believe that Barbara Amiel, who says that she spent a week reading material associated with Ontario's new Advocacy Act, is so misinformed about it. Most of her errors follow from her mistaken conclusion that the Advocacy Commission, and those who will serve as advocates under the act, will be agents of the provincial government. In reality, the legislation includes many provisions designed to ensure that the advocacy system will be independent from the government, and that advocates will be directed by, and accountable to, the vulnerable persons they are intended to support. The Advocacy Act was conceived, not by the government, but by advocacy groups, many of whose members are seniors and persons with disabilities, who know far better than Amiel that—to use her own words—"the greatest offender is the government itself."

Mae Harman,
Chairman, Ontario Advocacy Coalition,
Toronto

History lesson

In your Sept. 5 issue, Peter C. Newman states: "At the time, Mulroney believed that Clyde Wells would keep his written undertaking to either hold a referendum on Meech or allow members of the Newfoundland legislature to declare themselves on the issue. Wells never did allow the vote and Meech died," ("Calling Jacques Parizeau's bluff," The Nation's Business). Newman supports the Mulroney attempt of history revision by repeating the erroneous claim that Wells killed the Meech Lake accord, when millions of Canadians who followed the last days of Meech know it died in Manitoba.

Jack Ramsay, Reform MP
(Crowfoot),
Camrose, Alta.

Helping all kids

In your article "Bright kids, bright futures?" (Cover, Aug. 29), you cite "graduate science faculties where a third of spaces, on average, go to foreign students" as "evidence of Canada's failure to cultivate excellence," and you suggest that such a state of affairs arises from the Canadian public school system's inability to identify and nurture gifted students. This contradicts our experience as students in the Canadian system from kindergarten through graduate studies. In fact, our academic credentials were sufficient for admission to PhD programs the University of Washington, a top-notch U.S. graduate school, but not for admission to lesser known Canadian programs. Therefore, we feel this statistic is not evidence of the failure of the Canadian public school system, but rather of the Canadian university system to appreciate the value of its own product.

John Gray and Barbara McDonald,
Seattle

I have spent some 30 years teaching in regular schools and four years as an instructor in adult upgrading programs. I'm not about to denigrate your cover story on bright kids, but why be so concerned about the bright ones, when we should weep over the dull ones who, after schooling is past for them, are usually left to live much more deplorably than the bright ones. What about a story on those at the lower scale of intelligence, the dropouts and the unemployed?

Nick Derbowka,
Langley, B.C.

I am 12 years old, in a Grade 7 enrichment program, and I have attended mostly alterna-



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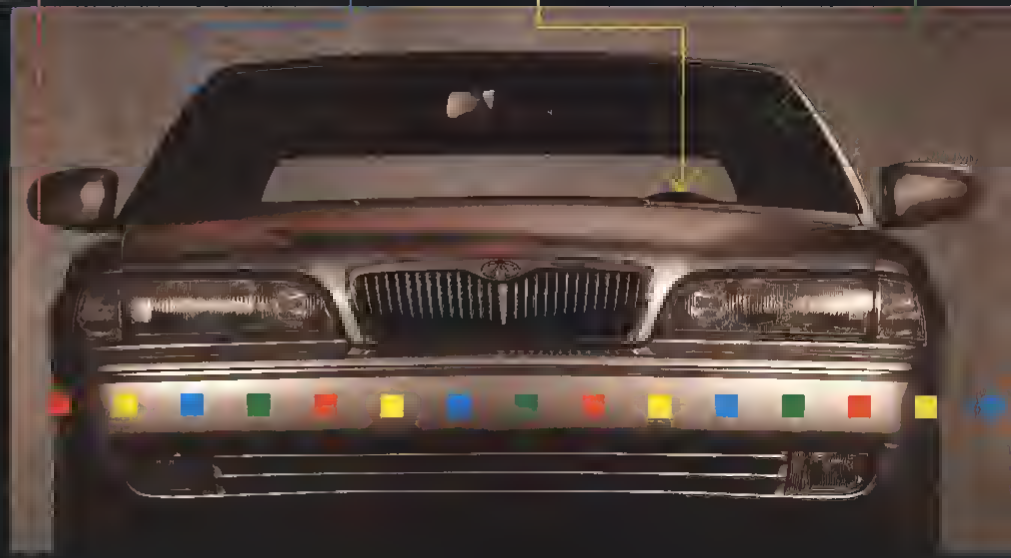
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LETTERS

tive schools in both Ottawa and Toronto. Your cover story "Bright kids, bright futures?" said: "Gifted kids do not respond to piles of rote learning." Take out the "gifted"—no kids respond to piles of rote learning. You also said: "All gifted kids have a range of talents." Again, take out the "gifted." More attention should be given to kids who are not so "bright," so that they may learn also, rather than pushing the brighter kids further ahead and leaving the others stranded. It's like telling a kid with bad aim to move farther away from the target while telling the kid with good aim to move closer.

Honor Brabazon
Ottawa



The Queen: Canada was carved out of the wilderness by loyal monarchists

Religious freedom

As a second-generation Canadian, I am infuriated at the legal action being undertaken by the Muslim community in demanding that Ottawa public schools close in honor of their holy days ("A holy war over holidays," Canada, Sept. 12)—not just once in 40 years as the Jewish students were granted this year, but in perpetuity. By the time all immigrant groups have been accommodated in every possible way, Canada will be a giant mishmash of nothing. All people who have been welcomed to Canada should become assimilated and integrated in the Canadian community. Canadians had better wake up and reclaim their country and its culture before it is too late.

Audrey W. Phillips,
Ottawa

I am sick and tired of the complaining by immigrants who want their special interests catered to by the remainder of the population. Nobody is forced to come to this country, and those who choose to do so perhaps should learn to live and enjoy what appealed to their desire for immigration in the first place.

Ann Nisbet
Oakville, Ont.

A Loyalist slight

I have searched my *Maclean's* magazine in vain for detailed coverage of our head of state's visit to Nova Scotia. I should have thought that Queen Elizabeth II unveiling a plaque commemorating the 175th anniversary of Nova Scotia's legislature would have merited the attention of Canada's national newsmagazine. After all, Nova Scotia was one of the four original members of the Confederation of 1867. Canada was carved out of the wilderness by loyal monarchists (the United Empire Loyalists they were called) from New England, including my ancestors, over 200 years ago, a fact in which I take great pride as do many other Canadians.

Emma Hawkes,
Fredericton

'Slow down'

Toronto lawyer John Weingust says in your article about photo radar that he does not intend to quietly accept the new electronic traps ("Big Brother patrol," Canada, Aug. 29). However, if he and everyone else were to ease up on the accelerator, there would be no need to be ticketed. In addition, human lives would be saved. As a physician, I welcome the reduction in the number of accidents and fatalities brought about by a reduction in vehicle speeds. Weingust claims that "the system makes a mockery of the law and individual rights." The saving of human lives in this instance *must* outweigh any individual rights. What's next—challenging the drunk driving laws that infringe upon the right of an individual to drink and drive, regardless of the consequences? By urging ticketed people to fight their tickets in court, thus clogging up the courts, it is Weingust, and not the system of ticketing, who makes a mockery of the law: a law that he proclaims to represent.

Dr. W. Grant Roden,
Brandon, Man.

"Big Brother" is right. What do people think the speed limit signs are for—a decorative touch on the highways? Drive the speed limit and experience no problems. I say, "Hip, hip, hooray" to the police force, photo radar is great.

Freda Still,
Spring Coulee, Alta.

I'm tired of hearing about arrogant whiners, such as Brian Lawrie, president of POINTTS, a company that fights traffic offences on behalf of clients, and lawyer John Weingust. These two gentlemen suggest that clogging up the currently clogged courts would keep Big Brother in check. However, there are two other alternatives available: drivers could slow down to a safer speed; or the speed limit could be increased to the level Lawrie and Weingust drive at. A review of these options with the intent of determining the best cost/benefit ratio may be in order.

Michael Skene,
Victoria

'Eloquent' essay

Congratulations to Allan Fotheringham for his masterly column on the Quebec separatist movement ("Gazing across a great divide," Sept. 5). He has abandoned his much appreciated humorous style for a serious essay, and his arguments are compelling. His final statement concerning Canada's love and need for Quebec is eloquent and moving.

Dr. Ronald A. Dolan,
Hamilton

News from home

I will be deploying with my unit to the former Yugoslavia in early October. We greatly appreciate your magazine while on UN tours. Our other sources of Canadian-related media provide a bland and brief outline of what is happening at home—your magazine helps to fill in the blanks.

Sgt. Donna Hill,
CFB Petawawa

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WHAT'S WRONG HERE?

Look at these nice happy people. Notice that each one has something, a tool or implement here, a bicycle or a briefcase there. All completely normal and unremarkable.

But wait. Something's amiss. That nice fellow near the bottom — third row down, second from the right. He doesn't seem to have anything.

Indeed. You see, he's a refugee. And as you can see, refugees are just like you and me except for one thing: everything they once had has been destroyed or taken away, probably at gunpoint.

Home, family, possessions, all gone. They have nothing.

And nothing is all they'll ever have unless we help.

Of course, you can't give them back what's been destroyed, and we're not asking for money (though every cent helps). But we are asking you to keep an open mind. And a smile of welcome.

It may not seem much. But to a refugee it can mean everything.

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United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees

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Maclean's

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OPENING NOTES



THAT SINKING FEELING

Lord: a nighttime rendezvous with a Chilean sub left him high and dry

STUART DAVIS/VANCOUVER SUN

Jory Lord's home and business are lying on the bottom of the ocean. Before Sept. 11, 27 year-old Lord made his living operating a wilderness kayaking business. he would transport clients from his base in Tofino, B.C., aboard the Moonglow, his 1939 vintage 50-foot ketch, to kayaking sites in the Clayoquot Sound area. But then, on a foggy Sunday evening, the business—and very nearly Lord himself—found a watery grave in the Strait of Juan de Fuca between Victoria and Point Renfrew. At around 9 p.m., the Moonglow was rammed by the SS Thomson, a Chilean submarine on its way to San Diego following naval exercises at a Canadian torpedo range near Nanaimo. According to Lord, the Moonglow sank in a matter of seconds. He jumped overboard as the Thomson continued on its way, only to return about 15 minutes later to rescue him.

Now, high and dry and living with friends in Tofino, Lord is wondering how he is going to recoup the loss of his uninsured $295,000 sailboat. Chile has officially denied responsibility, saying that Lord is to blame for the accident and that, in any event, the submarine is protected by diplomatic immunity. The U.S. navy, meanwhile, which had officers aboard the Thomson and invited the sub into Canadian waters under a special treaty arrangement with Ottawa, has declined to comment, begging national security. In the meantime, Lord—who says he hopes someday to buy another sailboat to live and work on, has returned to a former part-time job: search-and-rescue specialist for the Canadian Coast Guard. "When I go out to look for someone, I'm going to be looking that much harder," he says, "because I know what it's like to be in the water and to be that cold and that scared."

BEST-SELLERS

FICTION

1. **The Celestine Prophecy,** *James Redfield (1)*
2. **Tailos,** *Anne Rice*
3. **Open Secrets,** *Alice Munro (6)*
4. **A Son of the Circus,** *John Irving (3)*
5. **Original Sin,** *P. D. James (2)*
6. **Wild Horses,** *Dick Francis (10)*
7. **Debt of Honor,** *Tom Clancy (7)*
8. **The Cunning Man,** *Robertson Davies*
9. **Half Asleep in Frog Pajamas,** *Tom Robbins (9)*
10. **Brother Frank's Gospel Hour,** *W. P. Kinsella (8)*

NONFICTION

1. **Grando: Songs My Mother Taught Me,** *Marlon Brando (3)*
2. **This Year in Jerusalem,** *Mordecai Richler (2)*
3. **Right Honourable Men,** *Michael Bliss (1)*
4. **Couplehood,** *Paul Reiser (5)*
5. **In the Kitchen with Rosie,** *Rosie Daley (9)*
6. **The Way We Are,** *Margaret Visser (6)*
7. **Men Are from Mars, Women Are from Venus,** *John Gray (4)*
8. **Breakup,** *Lansing Lamont (8)*
9. **In Defense of Elitism,** *William Henry*
10. **The Doubter's Companion,** *John Ralston Saul*

() *Position last week*

Compiled by **Brian Bethune**

HOPE, GLORY AND SPAM

At the annual Remembrance Day luncheon hosted by the National Press Club in Ottawa this year, such luminaries as the Prime Minister and the Governor General will be sharing a table with an American guest of honor—SPAM, the much-maligned pork product created by Hormel Foods Corp. of Austin, Minn. Larry MacDonald, a longtime press club member and Second World War veteran, came up with the



'Spamville,' an American Second World War camp: an Allied staple

idea to honor SPAM for its role as a staple of Allied diets during the Second World War. Canadian troops in Europe had to rely on British rations, which "were pretty God damned bad, so we gave Americans rum and cigarettes and they gave us SPAM," MacDonald recalls. About a month ago, MacDonald invited Hormel CEO Joel W. Johnson to attend the dinner, but he was unable to accept. Instead, Hormel is sending 100 free cases of SPAM—about 800 lb.—to Ottawa, where it will be the main course at the press club luncheon. No word yet on how the meat will be prepared. But MacDonald offers this wartime recipe. "Slap a couple slices of bread together, put a hunk of SPAM in the middle and, if you're lucky, some mustard."

COUNTRY CLUB BLUES



ANNE PINDER

The Ottawa Hunt clubhouse: hisses, insults

Golf is a game of tradition, and nowhere more so than at the Ottawa Hunt and Golf Club, one of the capital region's oldest courses. On Aug. 10, Hunt member Alana Kamz entered a lounge that had formerly been men-only—the club had opened it to both sexes two months earlier under pressure from the Ontario Human Rights Commission. But Kamz, an *Ottawa Citizen* business reporter, was hissed at and insulted by some male members. Two days later, she wrote a column about the incident, and her husband, CJOH-TV sportscaster and Hunt member Brian Smith, told the story on the evening news. To make amends, the club declared all areas open to all members and publicly apologized to Kamz. Case closed? Hardly. Now, Kamz and Smith have received registered letters asking them to appear before the board of directors on Oct. 24. The Hunt's charter requires members to serve the club's best interests—meaning that disputes within the Hunt should stay there. President Joe Mangione says the board plans to discuss "whether complaints should be handled internally or through the media." But Kamz calls it "shooting the messenger." She adds: "I'm surprised I'm being victimized when the people who caused this have not been reprimanded." Then again, the Old Boys club has its own rules.

A CASE OF RADAR LOVE

Each day, drivers in Calgary, Edmonton and Toronto have to dodge a silent nemesis—photo radar. But in Montreal, where motorists have a reputation for speed, the robot cops have yet to be deployed. One former police officer believes he knows why. Pierre Laforest of Saint-Fidele, Que., who retired as director of operations for the Montreal Police Force in 1972, told *Maclean's* that the force considered photo radar in the early 1970s, when an experimental unit was installed on a street that had become little more than a racetrack. But before a decision was made on whether to officially deploy the photo radar, the whole program came to a screeching halt. The problem: Laforest says that a "very, very senior government official was photographed speeding late at night with his secretary sitting almost in his lap." Within days, he says, the camera was removed. And by 1972, a new provincial law stipulated that an officer must hand a speeding ticket to a driver in person. Says Laforest, "That was not a coincidence—you can be sure of that." Drivers in other provinces may wish for similar indiscretion at high levels.



IAN MACDONALD/CANADA WIDE

Ontario photo radar: not in Montreal

SENT PACKING

When the CBC drama series *North of 60* returns this week for its third season, a familiar character will be missing—Cpl. Eric Olsen of the RCMP. Played by Vancouver actor John Oliver, Olsen helped maintain law and order in Lynx River, the fictional community where the series is set. "The original premise of the show was the burnt-out Mountie goes up north," says producer Peter Lauterman. "Through his eyes, we discovered this little community. Once the audience had followed the Mountie on that voyage, what became really interesting was the town itself. So we were writing subconsciously, more about the town and less about the Mountie." Oliver, however, is not so pleased about being relieved of his duties. In fact, the Alliance of Canadian Cinema, Television and Radio Artists has launched a wrongful-dismissal grievance on his behalf. Mark Vinet, Oliver's manager and personal lawyer, says that the grievance will go to mediation in Toronto in the near future—determining whether or not the man will get his Mountie.

Edited by **JOE CHIDLEY**

PASSAGES

SENTENCED: To just five years in prison, former mobster **Salvatore Gravano,** 49, who has acknowledged participating in 19 murders, by a U.S. federal judge in New York City. The prosecution asked for the lenient sentence in exchange for Gravano's riveting testimony that led to the conviction of 37 members of organized crime, including Mafia don **John Gotti,** 53. The flamboyant Gotti now is serving a life sentence for murder and racketeering. Gravano, known as Sammy the Bull, was the number 2 man in Gotti's powerful Gambino crime family, one of the five Mafia groups in the New York area. In passing sentence, Judge **I. Leo Glasser** said Gravano's testimony against Gotti was "the bravest thing I have ever seen." Gravano, who has been in prison for nearly four years, could be released within eight months when he is likely to assume a new identity under a witness protection program.



JOHN DOBKOWSKI/AP

ENTERED: Michael Fay, 19, the focus of an international controversy when Singapore authorities caned him in May; a drug rehabilitation program in Minnesota. His mother, **Jan Fay,** said her son became addicted to sniffing butane gas in Singapore, where he was punished for vandalism, and continued sniffing after his return home to Dayton, Ohio, in order "to forget."

DEPORTED: IRA member **Domenic Adams,** 29, the younger brother of Sinn Fein head **Gerry Adams,** to Belfast from Toronto. Adams was in Canada for five days before being arrested by an RCMP-Immigration task force after it learned of his IRA-related criminal record, including conspiracy to commit murder.

LEAVING: Former federal Conservative cabinet minister **Robert de Cotret,** 50; his $150,000-a-year job as Canada's representative to the World Bank, in Washington. Finance Minister **Paul Martin** said career public servant **Len Good,** 50, will replace de Cotret in the two-year posting when his term expires on Nov. 1. The position had in the past been held by civil servants until Tory prime minister **Kim Campbell** gave de Cotret the plum job one month before last year's September federal election.

ELECTED: Belgian Foreign Minister **Willy Claes,** 55, as Secretary General of NATO, replacing Germany's **Manfred Wörner,** who died of cancer on Aug. 13, by members of the 16-nation Western alliance, in Brussels.

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An entrepreneur's modest proposal

BY DIANE FRANCIS

Frank Stronach has an imaginative plan for replacing the Senate with a nonpartisan body to keep an eye on the House of Commons

I have never been a fan of Canada's parliamentary democracy. This is primarily because it is rarely democratic. Majority governments in the House of Commons are usually elected with considerably less than half the popular vote. Even so, once in they are virtual dictatorships lasting up to five years and run by a cabal of cabinet ministers. Duly elected backbenchers have essentially no freedom to break ranks even if by doing so they would be following the wishes of their own constituents. The Senate is worse—an irrelevant rubber stamp chamber populated by persons whose principal attribute for the job was simply their extreme and loyal partisanship. The Senate is a taskless thanks.

Many Canadians agree that something is very wrong with the structure of the country. The Reform party's parliamentary reforms address some of these concerns and would introduce responsiveness to our system through the use of an elected Senate, referendums and free votes for backbenchers. While laudable, they still do not go far enough. So in the absence of reforms, Parliament continues to be dominated mostly by political opportunists who continue to reduce our living standards by spending more money than they collect in taxes in order to win themselves re-election. One of the biggest problems is that most successful politicians have never done anything else in their entire lives and could never willingly or knowingly sacrifice their political careers for any issue, no matter how meritorious.

This is a problem in most democracies. But there is an imaginative way to solve the problem and it has been developed by one of Canada's most successful entrepreneurs, Frank Stronach, chairman of Magna International Inc., the flourishing Markham, Ont.-based auto-parts manufacturer. His fascinating scheme makes more sense to me than any other political reform proposal I have come across. What's more, it could easily be accomplished and would not require protracted, acrimonious constitutional negotiations. Stronach would simply replace senators with nonpartisan "Citizen Representatives." The essence of his system is to impose nonpartisan common sense on public policy making.

"Our government is responsible for managing the country, which is not unlike a corporation," he says. "Government is really the management team of the country and the citizens of Canada are its shareholders. Unfortunately, our government mandate is to be elected or re-elected. Due to this preoccupation with politics, we have become overtaxed, over-bureaucratized and over governed.

"This is what I call the Achilles heel of parliamentary democracy. But how can we depoliticize the management of the country without infringing on basic democratic rights? I think I have a way. We could get Canada off the destructive path of political mismanagement and onto the road of social and economic rejuvenation. These reforms will allow us to depoliticize the management of the country while actually strengthening the democratic process."

Here is how it would work. Each Citizen Representative would represent two existing federal ridings. In each Citizen Representative riding a computer would randomly pick the names of constituents until 20 agreed to stand for election. This random draw process would be very similar to our present jury selection system.

Only citizens of Canada would be eligible for selection and they would have to be eligible to vote and be without any criminal record. Candidates would then issue a one-page resumé profiling their educational and occupation background. These résumés would be circulated to all households in the riding. Elections Canada would pay strictly limited campaign expenses.

These representatives would form a Citizen Representatives Jury that would sit part time in Ottawa and vote on all legislation by secret ballot. The privacy, explains Stronach, would protect them from the intense lobbying and scrutiny of special interests. Their votes would take place at the same time that MPs were voting on the same legislation, and a simple majority of the total votes from the two chambers would be needed to pass any bill. "Every bill would therefore become a mini-referendum, with the Citizen Representatives acting as a barometer of public opinion," says Stronach.

But the defeat of a proposed law by a combination of Citizen Representatives and Opposition party MPs would not force the government to resign. In fact, Stronach proposes that after a bill was defeated, the government would be permitted to introduce an alternative bill on the same issue. That way, compromise would replace brinkmanship in setting policy.

If the alternative bill was also defeated, the government could resign or could invite the Opposition to come up with its own legislative proposal. This would give the Opposition a real and effective voice in governing. In fact, Stronach would require the Opposition to always, and publicly, propose alternative laws.

"This important requirement—the tabling of alternative party legislation—would force the Opposition and other parties in the House of Commons to bring forth constructive options to government legislation rather than merely acting as critics," he says. "This reform would also go a long way towards eliminating the knee-jerk opposition built into our present party-dominated Parliament."

Stronach's idea is compelling. "Citizen Representatives would make Parliament much more representative of Canadian society and the will of the people," he maintains. "Their views would reflect, to a much greater degree, the views of the average Canadian citizen and they would be much more inclined to place long-term national interests ahead of partisan interests."

With matters of ego, political ambitions and financial gain out of the picture, Stronach argues, "these jurors would have one duty and one duty only—to determine what is best for Canada and for Canadians."

UP FOR GRABS

Native groups press their claim to most of British Columbia

BY CHRIS WOOD

The soft yellow of aspen leaves in autumn dusted British Columbia's gently rolling Peace River country with gold last week. But it was the wealth beneath the ground that drew Sandy Laing, a Calgary-based geologist for Amoco Canada, to the weatherbeaten community centre on the gravel banks of the Blueberry River. The centre belongs to 250 mostly impoverished Cree whose reserve straddles the river 70 km north of mile zero on the Alaska Highway. Until now, exploration in the geologically promising area has been discouraged by a dispute over mineral rights that has pitted the tiny band against both Ottawa and Victoria. Last week, however, Laing was among the witnesses who joined in a meal of moose, lasagna and salad to celebrate an agreement that, from an oilman's viewpoint, ended the worst uncertainty in the dispute: who will set royalties on any oil or gas that is found? That authority stays with the province, which will split any income with the band. "Oil and gas is a high-risk business," the lanky geologist observed. "We do a lot of work to reduce technical risk. Where we can reduce business risk, agreements like this are important."

That is exactly the sort of pragmatic perception of self-interest that all parties to the most ambitious round of native treaty talks ever undertaken in Canada hope is widely shared in the rest of British Columbia. The province is the only one where early settlers at first failed, and later flatly refused, to sign treaties with any but a handful of the land's original inhabitants. That neglect has left legal title to thousands of square miles of northern wilderness, as well as some of the country's most expensive real estate, in legal dispute. Two years ago, after decades of official dismissal, litigation and confrontation, the province finally agreed with Ottawa and native groups to open all-embracing three-way talks aimed at settling the long festering issue. At stake, when the bargaining begins in earnest early next year, will be cash compensation likely to reach several billion dollars—as well as aboriginal access to valuable surface, sea and mineral resources.

But in recent weeks, Premier Mike Harcourt's NDP government has come under mounting attack for failing to reveal exactly what it is prepared to give back to British Columbia's First Nations to settle the bill for a century and a half of unsanctioned occupation of land they claim as their own, which amounts to more than three-quarters of the province. Among the government's sharpest critics has been Reform MLA Jack Weisgerber, whose Peace River South constituency includes the Blueberry reserve. In preliminary agreements, Weisgerber asserts, the province has bargained secretly with natives to "give away far too much to aboriginal communities." Last month, Weisgerber accused John Cashore, B.C. minister of aboriginal affairs of having already "bungled" the historic negotiations and demanded his resignation.

In fact, those talks will not even begin for at least another three months. But it is a rare British Columbian who knows that: the walk up to formal negotiations has taken place with such little notice that the commissioner in charge of the process last month publicly chided all three parties for their silence. Despite that, even in Fort St. John, at the heart of Weisgerber's riding, most people seem to share the views of Betty Anne Vance. The car dealership employee was among a few dozen people who came out last week to hear Cashore defend the government's handling of the issue. Said Vance of British Columbia's 90,000 natives: "What's theirs is theirs. I think it should be settled, once and for all."

The residents of Blueberry River could not agree more. The boom that has gripped the surrounding gas patch has not touched their winding, narrow reserve of river bottom gravel. The federal government moved the band to the unpromising site in the late 1940s to release better agricultural land on another reserve farther south for settlement by returning war veterans. Unemployment stands at more than 85 per cent. And to Clarence Apsassin, one of several energetic young members who have spearheaded the band's legal claims, the $3-million cash settlement that accompanied last week's agreement is just the beginning of its recovery. "We want to educate our people," he said. "We want economic development to put our people to work."

In the early decades of this century, Ottawa refused to deal with native claims by making it illegal for Indians to pursue them. That federal ban was finally repealed in 1951. But it took another 39 years, as well as a succession of costly court cases and disruptive road and rail blockades, for the B.C. government to finally acknowledge, in 1990, the need to resolve native demands. The official effort to settle old injustices moved into high gear after Harcourt's government won power in 1991, and the new premier promised to forge "a new relationship" with the First Nations.

The anvil against which that new relationship will be hammered out is something called the British Columbia Treaty Commission. On the first day the five-member commission opened its doors in downtown Vancouver last December, the rush of claims from 29 First Nations briefly overwhelmed its computers. Since then the number of files accepted has climbed to 42, representing more than 70 per cent of the province's status Indians—and an even higher percentage of its land area, including all of Vancouver and most of its suburbs.

Negotiation on the substance of those claims, however, has yet to begin. The work of writing treaties is to follow a carefully structured sequence, policed by the commission. Among other things, it determines when the parties to each claim are ready to move ahead to actual bargaining. All three sides at the talks are supposed to disclose how they intend to consult their constituents before reaching any agreement. For their part, aboriginal claimants are required to show how they plan to resolve the numerous overlaps of neighboring claims. Only then will the three parties start to hammer out an agreement. "That," asserts chief commissioner Charles Connaghan, "is where the real negotiations start."

But with formal bargaining on the first half-dozen claims likely to finally begin early next year and to continue for years, Connaghan has expressed sharp concern that so few British Columbians understand what is going on. In his first annual report, released last month, he warned: "It is clear that the absence of accurate information has led to apprehension and resistance." Both sentiments, he added in an interview, have been inflamed steadily since the government's critics seized on the issue. "In the past week," Connaghan told *Maclean's*, "this has gone from number 6 or 8 in the public psyche to number 1 or 2."

Responding to the sharp rise in the political temperature, the NDP government moved to placate its sharpest critics and to position itself unambiguously, in the words of one adviser, as "the representative of the other 97 per cent of British Columbians." Harcourt promised to reveal the mandate of provincial negotiators and to ensure that municipalities have a voice in the bargaining. Cashore, meanwhile, began a month-long blitz of appearances across the province to argue that any concessions will be compensated for by increased economic activity. In a line destined to be oft-repeated in the weeks ahead, Cashore told his Fort St. John audience: "Over $1 billion of investment capital is not coming into this province because of uncertainty on the land issue."

Those attempts to shore up public support are fraught with uncertainty. Among two dozen interim agreements already negotiated and signed with individual bands outside of the treaty process, critics pointed to several that have contained sweeping concessions. Native leaders meanwhile, accused Harcourt of breaching the agreed-on treaty process by inviting municipalities to participate. "What he is saying in public is not what he agreed to on paper," asserted Chief Joe Mathias, a leader of the First Nations Summit whose own Squamish band claims most of North Vancouver.

As talks proceed, moreover, the extent of compensation necessary to secure aboriginal agreement is likely to provoke lively resistance from at least some of those whose livelihoods will be affected. The B.C. settlements are likely to cover four broad areas: cash compensation, possibly spread over several years; clear aboriginal title to additional land; an aboriginal share in revenues from such activities as fishing and forestry; and new powers for native governments. Although Harcourt has insisted, and Mathias has conceded, that private property is not on the table, virtually every other consideration of economic value in the province is. In the crowded Lower Mainland, native groups are eyeing every remaining scrap of provincial and federal Crown land, as well as the revenue from such agencies as the highly profitable Vancouver Port Corp.

Still, Mathias observes, "there is a great silent majority in British Columbia that believes that this process should be allowed to work." Clearly, that was so for Fort St. John gas distribution worker David Whitford, who declared himself "absolutely not worried" about the cost of settling new treaties. "Have you looked at a map and seen what they have now?" Whitford added. "It's not very much." By whatever path, it is certain to be much more by the time treaties are finally concluded. □



Mathias in Vancouver: the most ambitious land treaty talks ever in Canada



Sick soldiers

Canadian Gulf War veterans demand action

Luc Levesque was one of 2 500 Canadians who served during the Persian Gulf War and is proud of his work as a medic with the Canadian Forces field hospital in northern Saudi Arabia. But two months after returning to Canada in March, 1991, he began to suffer from a series of ailments, including severe hip and back pain. In July, after three years of chronic pain and frustration, the 30-year-old Levesque was given a medical release by military doctors, one of whom, he says, told him that the problem was all in his head. Soon afterward, a television report about a phenomenon known as Gulf War syndrome spurred Levesque, who now needs crutches to move around, to co-found the Canadian Organization of Sick Persian Gulf Veterans. "When I saw that report," recalls the Ottawa resident, "I thought, Holy cow, that's exactly what I've got."

Levesque's group is now lobbying the federal government on behalf of about 40 Canadian Gulf War veterans who complain of an array of unexplained symptoms ranging from inflammation of joints to hair loss. Federal officials, meanwhile, say that until conclusive evidence is found about Gulf War syndrome the government cannot offer compensation to Gulf veterans. In contrast, the United States government formally recognized the syndrome's debilitating effects last fall—although the actual source of the affliction remains a subject of much debate. Now, with a compensation package likely to pass the U.S. Senate this fall, the more than 35,000 American Gulf War veterans—five per cent of the total troop strength—who claim to suffer from the syndrome have something that Levesque says their Canadian counterparts desperately need: hope.

Among the Canadian veterans seeking redress is former Master Cpl. Kevin McTaggart, 35, who in 1991 served for three months as an air weapons technician at the Canadian base at Doha in Qatar. Spinal pain and mental confusion forced McTaggart into early retirement in 1993 after 17 years in the Forces, and rendered him unemployable. Married and the father of three young children, the Lindsay, Ont., resident says his small pension of $975 per month leaves his family scrounging for grocery money. McTaggart also says his questions about a possible link between his symptoms and service in the Gulf were dismissed by military doctors. "They just ignored me."

Last week, McTaggart's local Liberal MP John O'Reilly, raised the issue in the House of Commons. O'Reilly asked what the government was doing to help the "deserving Canadians" who say they are afflicted because of their Gulf War duties. Fred Mifflin, parliamentary secretary to Defence Minister David Collenette, responded that the veterans had seen defence department doctors and now had "no difficulty whatsoever."

In fact, the National Defence Medical Centre in Ottawa refuses to recognize Gulf War syndrome as an illness. Instead, most of those affected find that their complaints are diagnosed as chronic fatigue or other stress-related conditions. Lt.-Col. Greg Cook, a doctor with the surgeon general's branch of the defence department, told *Maclean's* that the military is looking at U.S. reports linking symptoms to Gulf War service. But according to Cook, the American initiatives are not based on science, but instead are "politically motivated." Time and money, he added, are better spent looking for causes of the ailments and treating the symptoms rather than trying to prove a connection to service in the Gulf.

The Canadian military's refusal to recognize Gulf War syndrome sounds all too familiar to Steve Robertson, who is leading the American Legion's fight for compensation. A former military policeman, Robertson told *Maclean's*: "This is exactly what we were told from the very beginning." After the American government's initial position that the bizarre symptoms were the result of mental rather than physical problems, the U.S. military now views the syndrome as very real. "These people are ill," said Lt.-Col. Douglas Hart, a Pentagon spokesman. "The difficulty has been in making precise diagnoses."

In fact, theories abound as to the precise cause of the veterans' problems. Some experts say that they could have been caused by the smoke from burning oilfields in Kuwait; exposure to depleted uranium used in armor-piercing shells, and even the secret use of chemical weapons by Iraq. But the fact that those claiming ailments were based in different countries spread over a wide area has led many veterans to single out the distribution of an anti-paralysis drug, known as pyridostigmine bromide, to Gulf War troops. The drug, which was used as a safeguard against the possible Iraqi use of chemical weapons, had not been approved for that purpose before the war. Earlier this year the U.S. Senate veteran-affairs committee denounced the military's use of the drug. Observed committee chairman Senator Jay Rockefeller, "Soldiers were made sick by a drug they were forced to keep taking."



ANDRÉ PICHER

Levesque: Canadian authorities remain skeptical about Gulf War syndrome

Levesque and McTaggart hope their new organization will eventually force the federal government to follow the American lead. "Somebody should get off their ass and start treating this as something," says McTaggart. "For me it's a case of survival." But while stricken veterans want to begin rebuilding their lives, baffled doctors still do not know exactly what they are dealing with. For those who say they are afflicted by the Gulf War syndrome, the diagnosis is proving more difficult than the cure.

LUKE FISHER *in Ottawa*

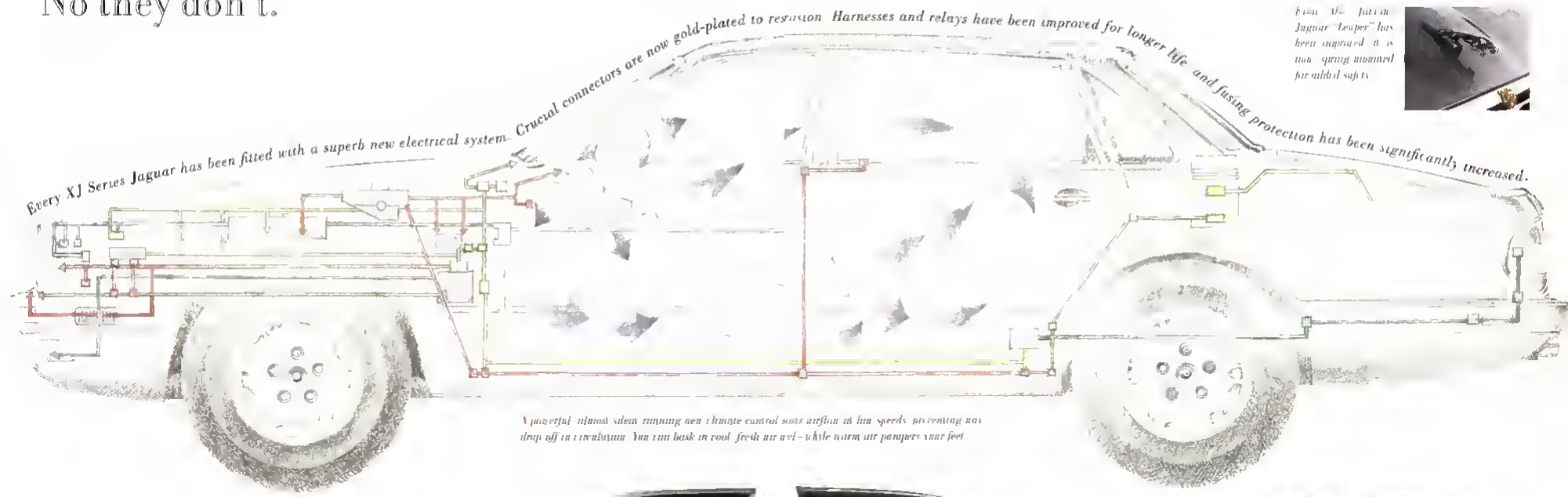


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Sawatzky: lucrative sales across the border

CANADA

Prairie rebels

Ottawa cracks down on wheat smugglers

David Sawatzky's patience finally ran out. Last month, Canadian customs officials at the Manitoba-North Dakota border held up six grain trucks that the Manitoba farmer owned because they believed he was hauling grain illegally into the United States. Fed up, Sawatzky jumped into one of the trucks and drove it across the border. He immediately walked back, but was told he would be arrested if he tried it again. Sawatzky then retreated to his farm near Gladstone, Man., 130 km west of Winnipeg, and four days later the RCMP raided his home and seized his grain records. Under law, prairie farmers must export their wheat through the Canadian Wheat Board. But hundreds of them have been hauling grain illegally to the United States, where they can earn more than twice as much. And the revolt is spreading. Protesting farmers may send a convoy of trucks back to the border next week, and a rally is planned for Regina on Oct. 20. Said Sawatzky: "We have to act or there won't be any farmers left."

The stakes in the battle are high. The Winnipeg-based wheat board is a farmer-owned co-operative and has a monopoly on selling virtually all prairie wheat internationally. By doing so, it allows all farmers to take advantage of potentially lucrative foreign markets. But if the rebel grain growers manage to convince Ottawa to open export markets to individual farmers, the board could be seriously undermined. In response, Canada Customs is stepping up inspections at the border and issuing fines of $100 per ton on grain being moved without proper permits. And when accused by Reform party agriculture critic Leon Benoit of treating farmers like drug smugglers, Agriculture Minister Ralph Goodale told the House of Commons last week that failing to enforce the law would be unfair to farmers who follow the board's rules. "In a civilized and democratic society," he said, "it is important that all the laws be obeyed, not just those with which we selectively agree."

But many grain producers believe they have a right to an open market—and are being thwarted by force. Andy McMechan, who farms 1,600 acres in southwestern Manitoba, said that on Sept. 22 two RCMP officers and two Revenue Canada officials searched his home for evidence that he was shipping wheat to the United States. Word quickly spread, and within hours of the raid, 70 farmers had gathered at his home to support him. But McMechan, who has sold wheat on the open market in the United States, said the government's decision to step up the fight against smugglers will only bring more of them into the rebel camp. "If they [the police] come back," warned McMechan, "they won't be able to leave the place."

Such frustration and anger is fuelled by flat international grain prices. Since 1985, the United States and the European Union have been heavily subsidizing their wheat farmers. As a result, the international price of top quality wheat has remained virtually unchanged—from $160 per ton in 1985, to $164 per ton last month. But at the same time, American farmers have shipped so much wheat abroad that domestic prices for grain in the United States have jumped sharply. As a result, a Canadian farmer with 1,000 acres of top quality wheat could earn as much as $80,000 more by selling his wheat directly to buyers in the United States. And a growing number of farmers are set to cash in. Said Sawatzky: "There are a million bushels ready to go south."

The shift to larger farms is also changing how farmers view the wheat board. Jim Pallister, who farms 10,000 acres 90 km west of Winnipeg, said larger farm operators are better able to absorb the cost of shipping their grain to the United States independently, and simply do not need the wheat board. As well, new information technology, such as satellite dishes and fax machines, allows sophisticated grain producers to contact buyers more easily. Said Pallister: "We sign a contract by fax and send a grain sample by courier."

Those advances may already be undermining the board's ability to sell Canadian grain abroad, including an estimated 17 million tons this year. According to wheat board spokesman Brian Stacey, independent sales steal premium markets from the board, reduce the amount of money it can return to its members and ultimately cripple the effectiveness of the board. "Without question," he added, "farmers would be worse off without the board." Other supporters of the wheat board say the smugglers will eventually hurt all grain farmers by angering the Americans. Murray Bryck, a spokesman for the Regina-based Saskatchewan Wheat Pool, said that U.S. politicians will never allow thousands of western Canadian farmers to start hauling grain across the border. In fact, he said, it was illegal grain shipments that triggered a recent trade dispute between Canada and the United States, which in August resulted in drastic limitations on Canada's U.S. grain exports. Said Bryck: "The United States decided it couldn't trust us." And thousands of farmers, it appears, no longer trust the wheat board.

TOM FENNELL



DEREK DEBUSSCHERE/REUTER

Parizeau signs in as the 26th Quebec premier. Jean

He set the tone of the new government last week while handing out portfolios to his ministers, complete with marching orders Striking a solemn but relaxed tone in the ornate Salon Rouge of the National Assembly, Parizeau took the first steps towards outlining the big picture of what a "national" government for Quebec could look like. In a country called Quebec, he said, the various regions--future provinces?--would be granted what Quebec has fruitlessly sought within the Canadian Confederation an end to centralization and the introduction of policies tailor-made to the specific needs of specific groups "We, here, are not afraid of distinct societies," he said pointedly

To the English-speaking minority, native peoples and "cultural communities" who have shunned his party, Parizeau took exceptional care to say that his is not a traditional nationalist government based on ethnicity "*Pure laine* should be saved for talk of textiles, and *de souche* should be saved for lumberjacks," he said in reference to the old-style nationalists who tended to draw a distinction between so-called "pure wool" and "old-stock" French-Canadians and all others And to other Canadians, Parizeau promised that his intention is not "to wreck the system, simply to leave it."

Far from stressing unity and homogeneity in his government, Parizeau said he has made sure that the various political philosophies and conflicting agendas that make up modern Quebec will meet and clash in his cabinet. Thus, inside its six-member priorities committee, Employment Minister Louise Harel, a classic east-end Montreal social activist, will rub elbows with Finance Minister Jean Campeau, a soft-spoken bean counter who once headed the province's $47-billion pension fund, the Caisse de dépôt et placement du Québec, and who would have felt at home in any conservative government. Vice-Premier Bernard Landry, who will relish the prestige of International Affairs, will have to deal with Guy Chevrette, the hard-nosed, no-nonsense veteran who, as municipal affairs minister, is charged with representing the regional delegates in cabinet.

Some of Parizeau's nominations seemed to border on mischievousness, and illustrated his desire to keep his people on their toes Jean Garon, the burly, raspy voiced former agriculture minister with a country bumpkin image, was given Education, with the mis-

CANADA

Parizeau's gamble

The premier sounds a wake-up call for Quebecers

BY BENOIT AUBIN

With a year of living dangerously ahead of them, the 33 people whom Premier Jacques Parizeau named to key government posts last week hit the deck running, sounding a wake-up call for Quebecers, promising what Parizeau called a "lean but not mean" government, and betting the farm that a majority will vote in favor of independence in a referendum within a year if it is put forward by a government they like and approve of.

Parizeau's Parti Québecois won the support of 44.7 per cent of the population in the Sept. 12 election with promises of a "new way to govern" and "getting Quebec moving again." Last week he unveiled a new cabinet, fuelled by two governing principles, with a mission to deliver Parizeau assigned cabinet portfolios to six women and 13 men, but at the same time he introduced something new 14 high profile, high-access "regional delegates." Naming these delegates—who are to voice their regions' concerns at a high-powered committee chaired by Parizeau himself and also sell the benefits of sovereignty in every corner of the province—is the way the new premier chose to put an end to what he called "wall-to-wall policy planning" imposed by bureaucrats in Quebec City He told his new ministers that the delegates "will prevent you from implementing centralizing policies thoughtlessly." Decentralizing decision-making was one of the governing principles that Parizeau put forward last week. The other was to order bureaucrats to simplify their procedures, cut through red tape—and get off people's backs.

Thus is the second time that the PQ has come to power in Quebec, but the differences in style, culture and atmospherics between René Lévesque's government in 1976 and Parizeau's today are staggering In 1976, the flags were waving, vast crowds were marching, businessmen and investors were upset and the province's English-speaking community was in shock. The first PQ government was a ragtag coalition of social activists, intellectuals and militant nationalists who had rallied behind Lévesque's charismatic leadership—but who seldom had a clue about how to grapple with the double-barrelled problem of running a province while turning it into a separate state



CLEMENT ALLARD/CANAPRESS

Campeau: soft-spoken

Thus time, half of the 20 people in Parizeau's cabinet (six economists, five lawyers, seven academics and two diplomats) have served in government before And Parizeau has a clear game plan



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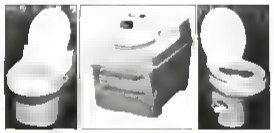
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sion of jolting teachers and bureaucrats—both longtime PQ supporters—right out of their jargon-filled textbooks. Pauline Marois, who has made a career pushing left-of-centre full-employment policies, was put in charge of the Treasury Board and the civil service and told to run a tight ship. Serge Ménard, a hot-shot crime lawyer who wanted Justice, was given Public Security, with the task of taming Quebec's often unruly police forces.

And Camille Laurin, the aging, hardheaded nationalist and father of Bill 101, the province's language law, which has made him the favorite bogeyman of English-Quebecers, was ironically named the regional representative for Montreal. Eyebrows were raised at *The Gazette*, and throats were cleared at Alliance Quebec, the English-language lobby group, but the overall reaction was wait-and-see.

But Parizeau's people did not wait. Just two days after the cabinet was unveiled, newly appointed Intergovernmental Affairs Minister Louise Beaudoin went on the attack. She pressed Ottawa to refund $47 million worth of expenses underwritten by Quebec during its 1992 referendum on the Charlottetown constitutional accord, claiming that former prime minister Brian Mulroney had promised Quebec that Ottawa would pay back the money. In a sign of things to come, the Bloc Québécois immediately chimed in, reinforcing the PQ's demands in the House of Commons. Prime Minister Jean Chrétien first sidestepped the question—saying that Mulroney had not told him about any such commitment. But a day later, the government said Mulroney had provided written confirmation of an understanding with Quebec, and agreed to pay $34.5 million to help cover the province's expenses. All that left Ottawa looking embarrassed—and allowed Beaudoin to claim that the new PQ government was able to settle the matter in three days while the previous Liberal government could not get Quebec's money after a year and a half of discussions with the federal government.

Other new ministers got off to a quick start, as well. Jean Garon was visiting small communities where parents are rebelling against the closing of village schools. Health Minister Jean Rochon began grappling with the problem of granting work permits to foreign-trained doctors and sending them to work in outlying regions where there is a shortage of medical care. And in several departments, ministers began shuffling senior bureaucrats around.

Parizeau knows full well that most Quebecers do not hate, or even resent, Canada, and are not out to harm their own country. But he also knows that a majority view Quebec City as the seat of their own, real, legitimate government. His strategy is crystal-clear: if he can impress the public with what he can achieve with the powers of a mere province, he hopes that will get them dreaming of all they could achieve as a full-fledged country.

Benoit Aubin is managing editor of wLe Devoir *in Montreal.*



Gordie Cathmor, owner of Hooked On Fishing Lodge, with two very happy campers.

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Reform's rough road



BACKSTAGE OTTAWA

BY ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

Not that long ago, the federal Liberals believed in Big Government, Bigger Spending Programs and Even Bigger Deficits as the best way to keep Canadians happy. Then, their ideological soul mates were the New Democrats, who were often described as Liberals in a Hurry. The two parties shared many ideals: the NDP just wanted them faster. Today, the Liberals under Prime Minister Jean Chrétien preach the right-wing economic gospel of Less Government, Much Less Spending and Lower Deficits. They smile when they do so, and promise to move slowly towards those goals. The new Liberals, then, might best be described as Tories on Prozac. They are now a perfect fit for political satirist Mort Sahl's definition of a conservative as "someone who believes in reform—but not now."



ANDY TOZER

Manning: inexperience hurts

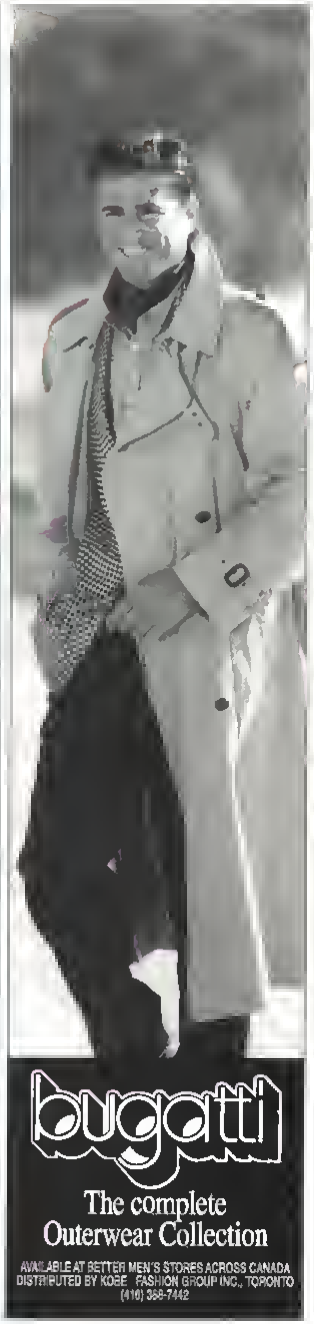
So where does that leave the one federal party committed to achieving those economic aims almost immediately? These should be good days for the Reform party—Canada's one unadulterated right-wing political party—since the country's political debate has shifted so dramatically in their direction. Instead, Reform is in a bruised and delicate state. Since electing 52 MPs last year, the party has slumped in the polls and its performance in the House of Commons has been ragged. Leader Preston Manning—the rock upon which Reform was built—spends his time drag-racing on the information highway, careering from electronic town-hall meetings to announcements of 1-900 telephone numbers with barely a pit stop to check his voice mail.

Some problems are unavoidable. Inexperience hurts: only Deborah Grey had previous Commons experience and, not coincidentally, she is one of the party's star performers. (Other fast-improving, impressive MPs include Alberta's Jim Silye, Ian McClelland and Stephen Harper, and British Columbia's Bob Ringma.) The fact that Reform is not the official opposition means that it receives much less funding and opportunities in the Commons than the Bloc Québécois. That could change if Reform wooed and won such ideological soul mates as Liberal MPs Roseanne Skoke and Tom Wappel. That would give the party more MPs than the Bloc, and a strong claim to supplant it as Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition.

Then there is the often hostile media. One example: last week, there was an apocalyptic tone to television reports revealing that Reform, at its policy convention set for Oct. 14 to 16, will debate some draconian resolutions proposing, among other things, the abolition of the Young Offenders Act and a life sentence without parole for anyone committing three serious crimes. But a Liberal policy convention last May also contained provocative resolutions—such as making parole board members responsible for violent acts committed by someone they released from jail. The reports on Reform led the TV news; the Liberals' proposals provoked little reaction. Why?

But that obscures more fundamental questions that Reform supporters should ask themselves. Arguably, Reform's popularity last year was based as much on what it was not—which is to say, any of the unpopular long-established parties—as on what it was. Its proposals to shift many powers from Ottawa to the provinces and gut many existing federally funded social programs appeal only to rich provinces such as Alberta and British Columbia. For now, Reform—with only one MP outside those provinces—remains, despite its claims to the contrary, a regional party trying to decide what it wants to be when it grows up.

Successful parties transform themselves to meet changes in the public mood. Look no further than the Liberals. Some Reformers acknowledge that. But any attempt to water down core policies will provoke suggestions that the party is sacrificing principles for power. (Think here of the NDP.) In short, many Reform strategists and MPs believe, the party should either stand for something, or not stand at all. It will all make for a lively, crucial policy convention. Small wonder that some of the sessions will be closed to crabby, persnickety reporters.



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Canada NOTES

IN MOURNING

Nearly a quarter of the 6,200 residents of the northern Manitoba community of The Pas turned out for the funeral of 13-year-old Sarah Dawn Kelly, whose body was found in a wooded area after she disappeared while out for a walk. Two days later, about a third of the 3,200 residents of Tisdale, Sask., attended a similar ceremony for eight-year-old Ashley Kreshanson, who had disappeared into the bush during a walk with her twin sister. While foul play was ruled out in Ashley's death, RCMP last week charged Robert Bliss Arthurson, 37, of The Pas, with first-degree murder in Sarah's death.

VIGILANTE VINDICATION

Ontario Court Provincial Judge John Bark dismissed charges against Stephen Bowskill, a pharmacist from Colborne, Ont., who fired gunshots at a fleeing getaway van after his pharmacy was robbed for the ninth time. "The possibility of anyone being killed or injured was so remote as to be virtually non-existent," Bark told a packed courtroom, where supporters of Bowskill applauded the ruling.

UNDER FIRE

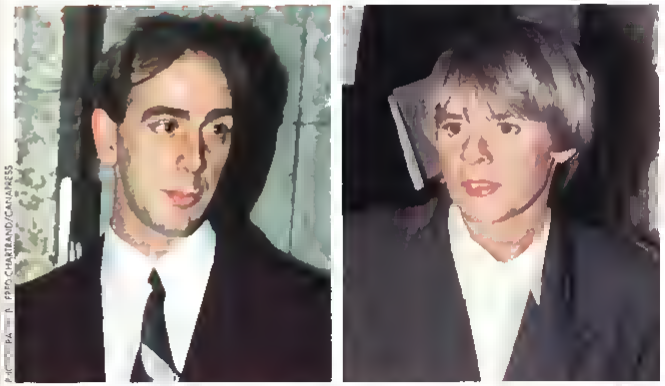
A new book by *Toronto Star* columnist Thomas Walkom says that Ontario Premier Bob Rae quietly abandoned his opposition to controversial federal drug-patent legislation after privately reaching a deal with drug companies to bring new jobs to Ontario. The book, *Rae Days, The Rise and Follies of the NDP*, also states that, against Rae's personal wishes, a provincial agency secretly channeled $200,000 to a coalition of anti-racism groups that were attempting to thwart a Toronto production of the musical *Show Boat*. Rae described the latter allegation as "pure opinion, pure speculation."

BYELECTION UPSET

New Brunswick Conservatives scored an upset by winning a byelection in the northern riding of Tracadie. It was the third straight byelection win for the Tories—and their first in Tracadie in 80 years. The Tories now hold six seats in the New Brunswick legislature, the same number as the Confederation of Regions Party. Premier Frank McKenna's Liberals hold the other 43 seats.

GROWING STRONG

Statistics Canada reported that Canada's population as of July 1 reached 29.2 million—a 1.1-per-cent increase over the last year. Canada's population is growing at a faster rate than that of any other Western industrialized nation.



Menard, Skoke (right): attack on gay rights and a declaration of homosexuality

A parliamentary firefight

A backbench Liberal MP from the Nova Scotia riding of Central Nova sparked a parliamentary firefight when she lambasted her own government's efforts to protect the rights of homosexuals. Roseanne Skoke, a 40-year-old rookie MP, lawyer and devout Roman Catholic, said homosexuality is unnatural and "must not and should not be condoned." She said she would oppose any law that "would undermine our traditional and conventional Canadian family values" and accord special status to gays.

The NDP's Svend Robinson, Canada's first openly gay MP, angrily accused Skoke of promoting hatred against gays and urged Prime Minister Jean Chrétien to expel her from caucus. Her comments also provoked Bloc Québécois MP Real Ménard into becoming the second Canadian MP to publicly declare his homosexuality. Ménard told the Commons that the Montreal gay community—"the community to which I belong"—was outraged by Skoke's views.

Skoke received some support from her fellow Liberals. Toronto-area MP Tom Wappel, for one, told reporters that homosexuality is "statistically abnormal, physically abnormal and morally immoral." Undeterred, Justice Minister Allan Rock said the government will still proceed with legislation to give gays the same rights as everyone else.

Rights for suspects

In a 6-3 ruling, the Supreme Court of Canada said that extreme drunkenness can be a defence against a rape charge. It ordered a new trial for a 72-year-old Montreal man, Henri Daviault, who maintains he has no recollection of assaulting a 65-year-old woman in a wheelchair after drinking many beers and a bottle of brandy. Citing his constitutional rights to life, liberty and the security of person and to be presumed innocent, the Supreme Court overturned a Quebec Court of Appeal decision to reject his drunkenness defence.

In rulings last week on other criminal cases, most of them related to drinking and driving, the Supreme Court stressed that the constitutional guarantee of a person's right to counsel without delay outweighs police concerns about the need to gather evidence to secure a conviction. It ruled that police must always inform anyone they detain about the legal advice that is available and how to make use of it. It also stated that a suspect has the right to take a reasonable length of time to obtain legal advice, and that during this period the police must "hold off" on questioning or conducting breathalyser tests—even if that means that the tests are no longer of any use. However, the court rejected suggestions by an anti-poverty advocacy group that would have meant providing free, round-the-clock legal services to the poor when they are accused or detained.



American troops begin rebuilding shattered Haiti amid continuing political violence

JOHN GAPS/AP



DAVID HOLBERT/THE HOUSTON CHRONICLE/AP

Angry mob with a suspected 'attaché' in Cap-Haitien; grenade attack in Port-au-Prince (left): utter chaos

as prepared for bloodshed as they are to assist in the recovery

Certainly, the still-unfolding American military occupation of Haiti has not brought an end to the killing that has plagued the country since Lt.-Gen. Raoul Cédras and his fellow coup-makers seized power. On Sept. 24, 10 Haitians, all members of the security forces, died in a brief 15-second shootout with a squad of U.S. marines outside a police station in Cap-Haitien, the country's second-largest city. On Sept. 28, two more died on the streets of the capital, Port-au-Prince, when armed "attachés" of FRAPH, the self-appointed political arm of the outgoing military regime, shot into a crowd of pro-Aristide demonstrators outside the party's headquarters. The following day, five people were killed and more than 40 injured in the capital when grenades were hurled into the throngs that habitually gather outside the main entrance to the city's seaport. And on Friday, at least five people were killed and 14 others wounded by gunfire in another clash outside FRAPH headquarters. "Such brutal acts of violence are not totally unexpected," said U.S. Ambassador William Swing as he deplored the incident at the port, "because the enemies of democracy will resort to any ends and any means to stop the democratic process, particularly now that it is clear to them that the trend is moving against them."

At the port last week, it was a scene of utter chaos in the moments immediately after the grenades exploded around midday on Thursday. Dead and wounded lay scattered in spreading pools of blood under the feet of a wildly milling mob that was screaming, sometimes for help, sometimes for vengeance. Two dead men lay in a tangled heap of torn flesh and shattered bone on one curbside. A third sprawled nearby in the middle of the roadway, eyes staring sightlessly skyward. Further down the road, five others—all men—writhed in pain at the foot of a wooden lamp post, bleeding profusely from what appeared to be shrapnel wounds on their legs and lower bodies. "It was a bomb. They threw a bomb at us," one of the injured said in Haitian Creole as he lay on the ground, surrounded by five sweaty, nervous infantrymen from the U.S. army's 10th Mountain Division.

Other witnesses confirmed the wounded man's report. "I heard at least one explosion, maybe two," recounted a middle-aged man, frantic with worry over a brother he had lost contact with in the confusion that followed the attack. Refusing to identify himself, the man said he had been thrown to the ground by the press of the crowd in the wake of the explosion. "I hope to God that nothing's happened to my brother," he added, before rushing off in the direction of an ambulance that, sirens wailing, was attempting to push its way through the crowds.

Amid the confusion, the American forces arrested two people. Both were apprehended when U.S. troops blasted their way into a seafront warehouse believed to be the location from which the grenades were hurled. One of those arrested is an officer of the controversial Port-au-Prince police force.

The U.S. military occupiers of Haiti clearly still have some distance to travel before achieving the officially stated goal of making the country safe for democracy. But the effort continues, not without some measure of success. Last week, for example, Haiti's elected parliamentarians managed to gather for the first time in 16 months, albeit under the watchful eye of an overwhelming presence of U.S. troops. Soldiers, dug in behind rolling barricades of razor wire, surrounded the whitewashed legislature close to the seafront in Port-

WORLD

ON THE LINE



ASSIGNMENT

BARRY CAME IN HAITI

Maj. Tony Schwalm stands on the solitary wharf at the deep-water port of Jacmel on Haiti's south coast, casting a cool professional eye over the U.S. soldiers under his command. There are just over 100 of them and they are busy setting up a temporary home inside a huge abandoned warehouse at the end of the dock. The major is 31, but his black-rimmed glasses and lean, almost slight, physique give him the studious air of someone much younger. On the subject of his origins, he is evasive. "It's complicated," he mutters. "Just say I'm from Georgia." About his troops and their mission, however, he is brutally frank. "This is a special forces unit," he points out. "We're like the Peace Corps with guns. We can be the good guys if we get the right kind of co-operation. But if we don't, we're in a position to do an awful lot of bad."

In towns and villages all over Haiti last week, plain-spoken soldiers like Schwalm, more than 15,600 in total, were beginning to settle in. They are the razor-sharp cutting edge of what promises to be a long and difficult attempt to rebuild the shattered Caribbean nation. Under any conditions, the task would be daunting given the destitute poverty of the vast majority of Haitians and the near total collapse of the country's infrastructure since the 1991 military coup that ousted President Jean-Bertrand Aristide. But in Haiti, where violence is endemic, there may well be no other means to achieve the goal of reconstruction than to place the main thrust of the effort in the hands of gun-toting professionals,

Southern exposure

In the more than 20 years that Max and Jane MacRae have lived in the Haitian town of Jacmel, they have felt threatened on only one occasion. "It happened a couple of months ago," says Max, a 72-year-old former Toronto-area businessman, recalling a recent Sunday morning when three Haitian military officers and a police agent turned up on his doorstep. Initially, Max tried to brush off the foursome by joking that Sunday was his day off and inviting them back on Monday. But the ploy did not work. Max was dragged off, suspected of building either an airstrip or a jetty at a coastal property he owns nearby. "They thought I was helping to prepare for an American invasion," he now says with a wry grin. "Actually, all I was doing was having a road paved."

Max was not physically harmed. But it was a trying time for 52-year-old Jane, a native of St. Catharines, Ont. "I knew it was serious as soon as those guys showed up in their big red Toyota truck carrying Uzis," she recalls. Glancing at her husband, she adds, "Max likes to pretend that he wasn't bothered, but I'll tell you right now that I was really worried."

Even so, neither Jane nor Max is tempted to leave the town that has been their home since 1973. "This is where we live," Jane shrugs. She throws an arm out towards the sea, where white surf is crashing on the black sand beach beneath a row of swaying palms. "Why would anyone want to abandon all of this?"

Like many Canadians, the MacRaes were driven south by the weather. Max, who was raised in Montreal, had launched a pair of successful businesses in southern Ontario. "But I couldn't stand those winters, so I sold out," he recounts. At the time, Jacmel was a trendy location, a pretty French colonial town at the head of a bay. "Jean-Claude [Baby Doc] Duvalier was running things around here then, and he had not yet made a mess of it," Max remembers. "But then, it all started to sour. Baby Doc was ousted and it's been pretty much downhill ever since."

Still, the MacRaes did find enough stability in Jacmel to raise a daughter, Marika, 19, who attends the University of Guelph in Ontario. "You may find this difficult to believe, but Jacmel is a really good place to raise kids," Jane insists. "It's like any small town anywhere. Everybody looks after everybody else. Hell, we even know who all the 'attachés' are." Max now owns 45 acres on a point overlooking the Caribbean, where he is building and managing vacation homes. Jane runs a school for handicapped children and, as of last week, had embarked on another enterprise. Along with the 30 mothers of the children at the school, she has agreed to wash and launder the uniforms of the U.S. army's special forces unit camped in the town. "I figured it was a good idea," she says. "It gives my mothers an income and it keeps all those American boys nice and clean."

B. C.

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'Attachés' firing at Aristide supporters in Port-au-Prince endemic hatred

au Prince Nineteen pro-Aristide deputies from the 82-member lower house and five senators from the upper chamber came out of hiding for the event—10 of them flown into the country from self-exile in the United States and Canada True the legislatures did not make much headway in the effort to draft the amnesty bill that is a key part of the deal former U S president Jimmy Carter negotiated with Cedras who agreed to resign by Oct. 15 But they did meet and, as one U.S diplomat noted "That is a not insignificant happening."

An even more significant event occurred the following day when U S troops oversaw the reinstallation of Port-au-Prince Mayor Evans Paul Although he has been in and out of hiding, chiefly in the U S embassy, since the 1991 coup, Paul remains a popular figure in Haiti If not a wholehearted ally of Aristide, he is nevertheless an enemy of those who have been wielding power for the last three years He may someday come to rue the prominent role U S troops played in his return to public life But for the moment, there is widespread euphoria about the mere fact that he is back

It was almost certainly Paul s return that sparked last week's grenade attack on the crowds at the seaport. The incident occurred behind city hall and just after the mayor delivered an emotional address broadcast over loudspeakers to the crowds waiting outside

But while Paul's reappearance and the reconvening of parliament are signposts on the road to Haitian reconstruction, the real struggle to rebuild the country lies ahead By any gauge, Haiti is in dire straits. The raw statistics are as familiar as they are bleak The nation is the poorest in the Western hemisphere with a per capita annual income of less than $350 and an average life expectancy of a scant 54 years. The infant mortality rate is appalling 110 children out of every 1,000 die at birth, compared with seven in Canada. Of those that live to preschool age, more than half suffer from malnourishment In the rural areas of the island, 97 per cent of the population is without electricity. Between eight and nine per cent of the population is infected with the AIDS-producing HIV virus More than 80 per cent of the formal workforce is unemployed In the words of one Western ambassador: "The place is an enigma wrapped in a riddle wrapped in a total mess."

The coup three years ago has made things immeasurably worse According to Ross Mountain, the United Nations' humanitarian aid co-ordinator in Haiti, international donors have frozen more than $500 million in development aid, "robbing the public sector of critical investments, particularly in the health, water, agriculture and public works sectors." Corruption, contraband and tax evasion have reduced tax revenues by 39 per cent Political oppression has brought enormous pressure on a host of grassroots organizations, curtailing their work in mobilizing such programs as vaccination campaigns garbage removal, family planning, fruit-tree planting and well digging

Addressing Haiti's enormous array of problems is not going to be easy But some measure of progress is required "Expectations are pretty high right now," says Mountain "There's going to be a lot of disappointment unless at least a few of these hopes are fulfilled. If we leave too many unfulfilled, the situation could get dangerous."

The difficulty is knowing where to start There are, however, some obvious points of departure One of the first involves the reformation of Haiti's police force—a task for which Canada is well-placed to offer a helping hand. An advance contingent of what is

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Both athletes are lending their names and images to Games printed material and in radio, television and magazine advertisements promoting the February 19 - March 4, 1995 competition

When the Ottawa Senator's Alexandre Daigle speaks about the Canada Games, he voices firsthand knowledge of the benefit of participation. He played hockey with Team Quebec in the 1991 Canada Games Daigle's outstanding Games' performance opened the door for him to join the Canadian National Junior team which subsequently won Gold at the World Championships. Medal in hand, Daigle went on to be the number one selection in the 1993 NHL draft!

Kerrin Lee-Gartner thrilled Canadians with her Olympic Gold Medal finish at the 1992 Olympic Games. "The Canada Games are this country's top amateur athletic competition," explained Lee-Gartner. I'm proud to be paired with Alexandre as an Honourary Chairperson for the 1995 Canada Games."

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planned to amount to more than 100 volunteers from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police was expected to arrive in the country this week. Once the Mounties are in place, they will play a key role in the joint effort by the United Nations Mission in Haiti and the International Criminal Investigation Training Assistance Program, a scheme operated by the U.S. department of justice. Under this program, the RCMP will both monitor existing Haitian police operations as well as help to recruit and retrain an entirely new force. There are even plans to establish a police academy, modelled perhaps along the lines of the Mounties' training college in Regina.

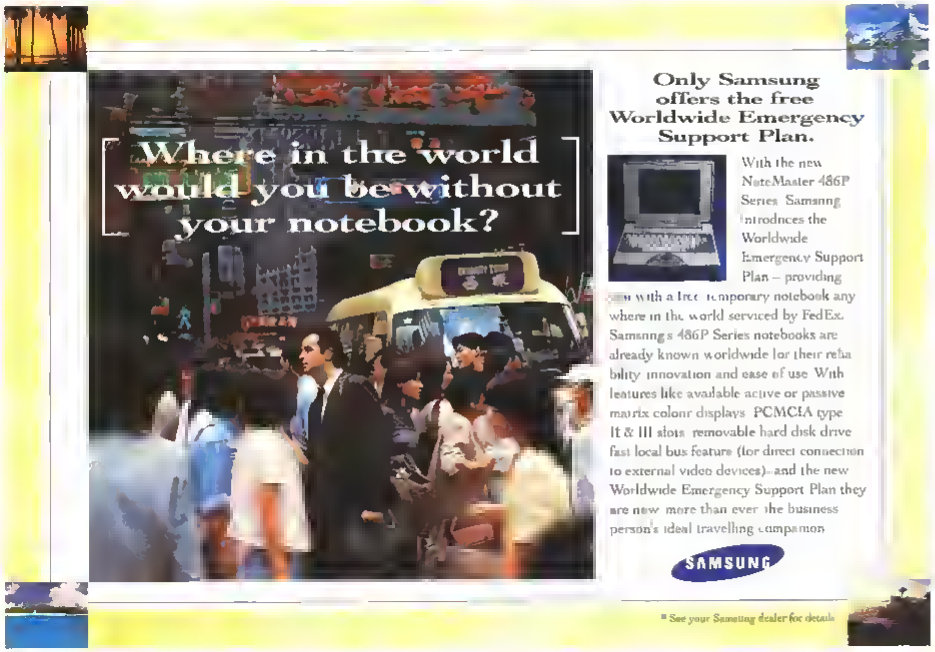
Before that or any of the other planned reconstruction programs can be implemented, however, a secure environment has to be established on the ground. And that is where professional soldiers like Maj. Schwalm and his troops enter the picture. With a carrot in one hand and a very large stick in the other, Schwalm and his unit last week embarked on the large and arduous process of restoring life to Jacmel, a once-pretty but now decaying town of 16,000, about 200 km east of Port-au-Prince. The major's mission is twofold. "We're going to advise and professionalize the locally based units of the Haitian armed forces," he says. "At the same time, we're going to assist the civilian population in rebuilding the infrastructure around this place."



Looters in Port-au-Prince: dire straits

Like all special forces units, Schwalm's troops are equipped to handle both tasks. Many, in fact, wear the flashes of the Rangers and other elite U.S. fighting units on their jungle fatigues. But they are also trained to win the battle for the hearts and minds of the local populace. There are engineers in the unit, as well as medical doctors, teachers and linguists. "We are as much interested in cultural conquest as we are in taking and holding territory," says Schwalm.

Last week, Schwalm's troops were busily engaged on two fronts. Patrols—on foot and in the U.S. army's ubiquitous HUMVEE four wheel-drive vehicles—circulated through the town's streets and rode herd on the Haitian army and police units at the local military barracks, in particular a pair of notorious characters accused of many of the killings that have taken place in Jacmel in recent months. At the same time, other special forces units were trying to repair Jacmel's hydroelectric generating station, the town's only source of power, which has been out of commission since last May. "If we turn on the lights around here, a lot of other good things will happen," Schwalm notes. "It's not a bad way to start." Not bad at all. □



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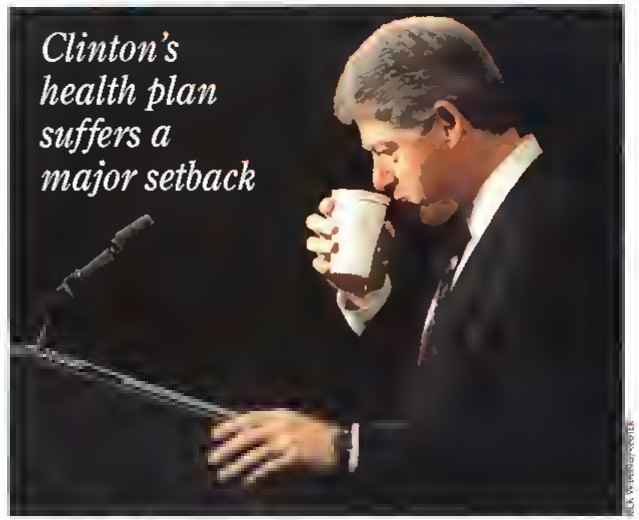
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Clinton: opposition from special-interest lobbies has weakened his presidency

Critical condition

REPORT FROM WASHINGTON
BY CARL MOLLINS

Four nights after Senate majority leader George Mitchell formally interred President Bill Clinton's already lifeless health insurance reform initiative last week, a Maryland caller to a radio postmortem tersely recited his reaction in a message he addressed to every member of the U.S. Congress. "We are an insured two-cancer family—breast and prostate—and hold dual U.S.-Canadian citizenship," the caller explained on National Public Radio. "By the time you finally get around to helping provide Americans with anything like the health care you enjoy, we will have lost our house and returned to Canada, where we know the decent thing has been done." The on-air response by an NPR reporter—"It's a sad story and I'm sure there are many more like that"—suggested that the best hope now for Americans who exceed their insurance benefit limits, or otherwise lose or are denied coverage, may depend on action by state governments. In some states, explained the reporter, "there has been some movement towards reform, towards making insurance portable from state to state, affordable and available."

True enough. New York, Florida, Oregon and Washington are among numerous states to have already enacted reform measures. Californians will vote in the Nov. 8 elections on a proposition to introduce Canadian-style state medicare. And in the week before Democrat leader Mitchell conceded that he could not muster enough Senate votes to thwart a Republican filibuster against even a weak version of the Clinton plan, a bipartisan group of legislators from 24 states conferred at an Oregon resort about ways to fill the health-care vacuum left by Washington's inaction. But reform in the states is bound to be piecemeal—and requires clearance in key cases from Congress.

In Washington, even the optimists—who predict that a newly elected Congress will take up national reform after it convenes in January—say that any federal legislation is likely to fall far short of Clinton's goal to guarantee "every American private health insurance that can never be taken away."

The fatal mauling of Clinton's plan by the insurance and health industries, and a bickering Congress, ripped the soul out of his reformist agenda and weakened his presidency less than halfway through his four-year term. Both he and First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton, who directed a 500-member commission that drafted the plan—and was widely faulted for working in secret—insisted that, in the President's words, "we are not giving up." Declared Hillary Clinton: "Health care reform is not a boxing match that goes 15 rounds and suddenly it is over. It is a journey that we must keep making together."

Conflict marked the first year of the Clinton journey, which began when the President presented Congress with 1,342 pages of health-care legislation on Sept. 22, 1993. During that year, health department figures indicate, the number of Americans without any health insurance grew by about two million to some 39 million people. But initial popular enthusiasm for Clinton's plan waned during the ensuing debate. And the outcome raised doubts about whether Congress—under constant pressure from live television coverage and massive lobbying—is capable any more of passing major social reforms like the government-run programs of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal and Lyndon Johnson's Great Society agenda. (Roosevelt's 1935 Social Security Act included public-health programs along with old-age pensions and unemployment insurance; three decades later, Johnson persuaded Congress to enact Medicare for senior citizens and Medicaid for the needy.)

The present Congress subjected Clinton's plan to scrutiny, in whole or in part, by 16 full committees, which either produced conflicting changes or failed to reach agreement. Throughout, special-interest lobbies, themselves in conflict, waged what Capitol Hill watchdogs rate as the biggest-ever such exercise at an estimated total cost of some $400 million, including political campaign contributions. None of the reform versions reached either chamber of Congress for debate.

The disarray was generated in part by partisan manoeuvring in advance of the Nov. 8 elections, when all 435 House of Representatives seats and 34 of the 100 Senate seats will be contested. But the basic reform program contained an insurmountable paradox: the notion that a national program of "managed competition" overseen by government could be operated through commercial insurers and hospitals in business for profit. Central proposals to establish even regional insurance-purchasing co-operatives, with employers largely footing the bill, foundered against ideological resistance. Said Montana Democrat Max Baucus, a senator who supports comprehensive reform: "It smacks of excess government and the smell of socialism to some people."

Against that prevailing sentiment, and a widely held opinion that the next Congress will be even more conservative, the prospect of a successful end to the Clinton reform journey seems bleak. And even as the states take over the lead, the outlook for tax-financed government insurance seems even dimmer. On last week's national radio program, a New York caller's comment that government medicare "is the preferred health-care option throughout the industrialized world" prompted a question whether the California referendum is likely to lead the most populous state to "essentially mimic the Canadian system." The reply: "In a word, no." For millions who, like the Maryland couple, cannot afford to be ill, that is a sad story. □



Meciar with supporters: intolerance and blatant appeals to ethnicity

VLADIMIR BENKO/TASR PRESS

WORLD

Return of the old guard

A Communist-turned-populist is poised to regain power

Like the Western politicians he so despises, Vladimir Meciar arrives for his political rally in the northern Slovak town of Zilina riding in a speeding cavalcade of black sedans, screeching to a halt just inches from the waiting crowd. His entourage, bodyguards in Italian-cut suits with slicked-back hair, spring from the cars, their Ray-Bans swivelling to catch any signs of trouble. But campaigning in the Slovak heartland, Meciar, architect of his country's independence and the frontrunner to regain the prime minister's office in this month's elections, is among friends. Pens are pressed into his hand for autographs, girls kiss his ruddy cheeks, and one middle-aged woman is so overwhelmed by Meciar's presence that she cries uncontrollably.

"Only he can protect us," sobs Anna Wilikova, a 44-year-old construction worker. From what? "From the Hungarians and the Gypsies," she explains, a sneer curling her lips as the tears are wiped away. "They are here. Soon we Slovaks will be a minority in Slovakia, and they will have more rights than us." How does Wilikova know that? Is that what Meciar tells her? A look of scorn crosses her face at the naiveté of the question. *"Everybody* knows that," she says bluntly.

In Slovak politics, nationalist prejudices and ethnic tensions are never far below the surface. And Vladimir Meciar knows exactly how to fuel those emotions. "He has an excellent evil political mind," says Zuzana Szatmary of Charter 77, a prominent human rights organization, at her office in Bratislava, Slovakia's dilapidated capital. Opinion polls bear her out. Heading into the Oct. 1 election, Meciar was the country's most popular politician by far, expecting to win about 25 per cent of the vote. The current government—a coalition of Meciar's enemies that mustered enough nonconfidence votes to expel him from the prime minister's office last March, before falling apart itself—will be even harder pressed to form a government without him.



ASSIGNMENT

BRUCE WALLACE IN SLOVAKIA

Meciar remains the single most powerful force in the 21-month-old Slovak Republic—the survivor of countless backroom battles and political splits. His Movement for a Democratic Slovakia (HZDS) is little more than a vehicle for his personal cult: "Meciar-brand" coffee is handed out at rallies, and he stars in the music video of his theme song, *Vivat Slovakia*, a shameless knock-off of *We Are the World* in which he and several HZDS candidates sing along, headphones pressed to their ears. Older women, now known as "Democratic Grandmothers" after an incident where some of them physically attacked journalists critical of Meciar, are among his most fervent supporters. A Communist-turned populist, Meciar, 52, has profited from the authoritarian temptation that survives in the nascent democracies of Eastern Europe. "Young countries like ours need strong leaders," says 27-year-old stockbroker Juraj Ondris. "Too much democracy can tie up important decisions for months."

In many East European countries, where living standards fell along with the Berlin Wall, that has meant a second life for former Communist politicians and others who held powerful positions in the Cold War era. Even in the bustling Czech Republic next door, where there is a true believers' rush to the free market, politics is dominated by one personality: Prime Minister Vaclav Klaus, a domineering strongman whose senior aides include a number of members of the old guard. The question of whether the gospel of democracy can take hold in Eastern Europe is far from settled. "You cannot change the attitudes of millions of people in a couple of years," says Dr. Peter Huncik, a Bratislava psychiatrist and political activist. "The previous system turned out the Socialist Man. We are still not comfortable taking individual responsibility for our lives. When things go bad, we think about the good old socialist times and look for a leader similar to the authoritarianism of the Communists."

Inside Zilina's sports complex, a nationalist celebration shows just how Meciar plans to fill the post-Communist void and restore a sense of purpose to the lives of his fellow Slovaks. "Slovakia—Go for it" is his campaign slogan, and the evening begins with a lounge singer belting out *Vivat Slovakia*. That is followed by two women in national costume offering Meciar the traditional greeting of bread and salt, the reading of a poem urging listeners to protect the land of their grandfathers, and the singing of another patriotic song with pastoral images of mountains, streams and birdsong. Finally, Meciar is presented with roses by a toddler described as "the first girl born in a free Slovakia." When Meciar tries to cuddle the girl, she pulls away, and he uses the moment to point out to the crowd that, like Slovakia, "she doesn't want to be in strange hands."

The rally shows why the country's Hungarian minority, roughly 11 per cent of Slovakia's 5.3 million people and concentrated along the southern border with Hungary, is nervous about the possibility of Meciar returning to power. Over the next hour, Meciar hammers home his theme that Slovakia needs stability and unity if it is to prosper. Only he can deliver those conditions, he says, because his opponents are ready to make an alliance with the coalition of Hungarian parties, which are expected to turn a tribal-based vote into one per cent of the seats in the new parliament.

Meciar will not kowtow to the Hungarian minority's demands for more local autonomy, even though it was similar Czech intolerance towards the Slovaks' desire for more power that led to the breakup of Czechoslovakia. The last time he was in power, Meciar banned the Hungarian language from official documents and declared public signs for Hungarian place names illegal, bulldozing down any that violated the law. Resentment of Hungarians is rooted in the region's history. Slovaks were under the sway of Hungary for nearly 1,000 years, and they remember their own poor treatment as a minority. But the current generation of Slovaks has a "panic disorder towards Hungarians," says Huncik.

Invoking the duplicity of enemies has always fuelled Meciar's political career. His targets include Gypsies, whom he once suggested were "socially unadaptable and mentally backward." And his rise to power after the 1989 Velvet Revolution, in which he played a minor role, was based on his crusade against Czech dominance. In 1992, he found an ally of convenience in Klaus, who seized upon Meciar's independence drive as an opportunity to rid the Czech Republic of Slovakia's subsidy-dependent economy of largely outmoded heavy industries. Unlike the Czechs—who have rushed into the arms of Western commercialism with an alacrity that alarms such critics as dissident playwright-turned-president Vaclav Havel—Slovaks remain comfortable gazing eastward to Russia, Ukraine, and even China. Meciar wants to slow the privatization of the Slovak economy, arguing that foreigners should not be allowed to buy up the country's assets at fire-sale prices.

That hostility to opening the Slovak market has been a drag on foreign investment: such multinational icons as McDonald's may be well-established elsewhere in the region but they have yet to gain a toehold in the Slovak market. And in many parts of the country, particularly outside the capital, Meciar's refusal to court Western money men strikes a powerful chord. "As a businessman, I want to see privatization push ahead," says broker Ondris, adding that a $5-million deal he is now negotiating with a British investor will be cancelled if Meciar returns to power. "But as a Slovak, I often think Meciar may be right. The Czechs rushed to sell everything and now the Germans own huge parts of their economy. Maybe in the long run we will be better off." For now, however, Slovaks are paying the price of their political confusion, well aware that their international reputation lags behind the Czechs'. Poles and Hungarians. "Even Slovak hockey has declined in quality since independence," says Dusan Kralik, a former national team defenceman who keeps a photo of himself with an Edmonton Oiler-era Wayne Gretzky on his office desk.

Meciar uses that image of a tiny, embattled nation to his advantage. But the political divide in Slovakia does not simply pit nationalists against Europeans, or reactionaries against reformers. It is also a less-lofty power struggle in an insular society—one in which personal rivalries, grudges and shifting alliances are all at play and may, in fact, result in a coalition that keeps Meciar *out* of power. But his campaign, with its intolerance and paranoiac appeals to ethnicity, illustrates the difficulties democracy faces in taking root amid the ashes of the Iron Curtain. □

BACK TO THE FUTURE

Bulgaria: In the most recent elections, in 1991, the Socialist Party lost support but remained a potent political force, winning 106 seats in the 240-seat parliament. The opposition Union of Democratic Forces won 110 seats.

Hungary: Last May, the Socialist Party (formerly the Communists) captured 209 seats in the 386-seat parliament.

Lithuania: In 1992, the Communists, renamed the Democratic Labor Party, won 73 seats in the 141-seat parliament.

Poland: The formerly Communist Democratic Left Alliance won 171 seats in the 460-seat parliament last year, ousting the disintegrating Solidarity party. Another leftist grouping, the Polish Peasants Party, holds 132 seats.

Romania: In September, 1992, elections, the centre-left Democratic National Salvation Front, which includes many former Communists, won 117 seats in the 328-seat parliament.

Serbia: In elections last December, the ruling Socialist Party increased its number of seats in the 250-seat parliament to 123 from 101.

Ukraine: Communists, Socialists and their allies now comprise the biggest bloc in parliament, with 114 of 450 seats.

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World NOTES

MURDER IN MEXICO

In Mexico's second political assassination in six months, a lone gunman shot and killed Jose Francisco Ruiz Massieu, 48, the secretary general of the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI), outside a Mexico City hotel. Attorney General Humberto Benitez said that the attacker, Daniel Aguilar Trevino, had confessed to the shooting, and that police were searching for two accomplices. In March, the PRI's presidential candidate, Luis Donaldo Colosio, was assassinated at a campaign rally in Tijuana.

NEW RWANDA HORRORS

The United Nations is sending forensic experts to a recently discovered massacre site in Rwanda to determine when the slaughter occurred and whether it was before or after Tutsi-led rebels took control of the area. The rebels have been accused of reprisal massacres of Hutus to avenge the ethnic slaughter of Tutsis, about one million of whom died between April and July, when rebels seized control of the country.

NUKES AND TRADE

At a U.S.-Russia summit meeting in Washington, presidents Bill Clinton and Boris Yeltsin agreed to accelerate the timetable for scrapping nuclear warheads under a 1992 accord. Among other accomplishments, the two leaders signed a "partnership for economic progress" that lays out an agenda for establishing normal trade relations.

DISNEY RETREATS

The Walt Disney Co. announced that it would seek a new, less controversial site for a proposed $670-million historical theme park that was to have been built near the National Battlefield Park in Manassas, Va., site of two major Civil War battles. Historians, environmentalists and irate local residents had waged a fierce public relations campaign against Disney's plans.

ERADICATING POLIO

The Pan-American Health Organization announced that polio has been eradicated in the Western Hemisphere. The last known case was reported in Peru in 1991. Polio, which has infected an estimated 10 million people worldwide since the first recorded epidemic in the 18th century, attacks the central nervous system and can lead to paralysis and death. It can be prevented with a vaccine developed by Dr. Jonas Salk in 1954 or a more widely used oral vaccine developed in the late 1950s by Dr. Albert Sabin.



REUTER

Survivors leave Swedish rescue helicopter: fear, panic and self-preservation

Tragedy at sea

Suffering from shock, exposure and broken bones, many of the 140 survivors recalled individual acts of heroism—fellow passengers who risked their own lives by pushing others overboard to safety or pulling them from the water into lifeboats. But fear, panic and concern for self-preservation were the dominant emotions as the 15,500-ton ferry Estonia, on a 15-hour overnight cruise from Tallinn to Stockholm, sailed into a heavy storm, quickly filled with water and sank in the frigid Baltic Sea. Estonian Andrus Maidre, 19, recalled being awakened by crashing sounds from the car deck above his cabin at around 1 a.m. As the ferry listed, he pulled himself up a tilting staircase to the upper deck. "Some old people had already given up hope and were just sitting there crying," he said. "I also stepped over children who were wailing and holding on to the railing." Stockholm businessman Carl Ovberg, 42, said that "children and women were running in panic. Many fell and slid like on an ice track, headlong into the walls." Added Ovberg: "You couldn't help them, not when the whole boat was swinging and you could hardly manage to stay on your own feet."

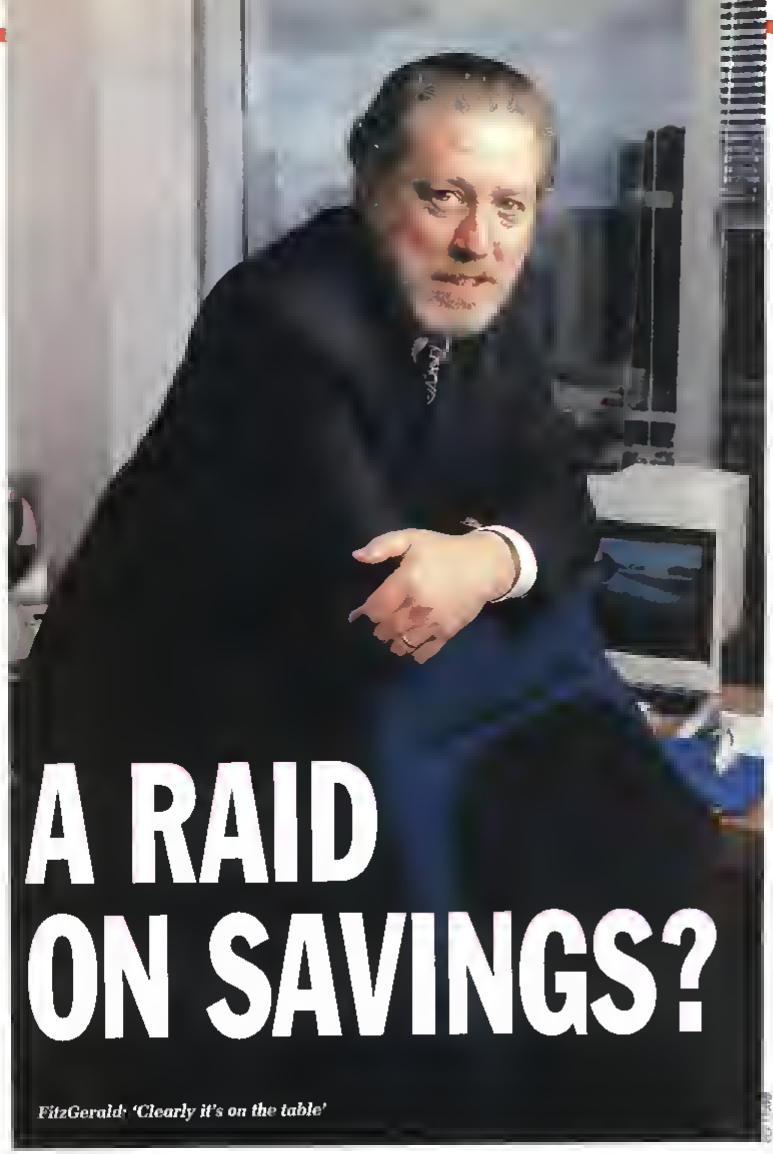
Within hours of the disaster—one of the worst in maritime history, with 909 people missing or dead—investigators from Estonia, Sweden and Finland began searching for the cause. Bengt-Erik Stenmark, safety chief at Sweden's National Maritime Board, said that witnesses on board reported that the bow ramp of the ferry was missing, presumably ripped off by the raging storm. Once seawater entered the cavernous car deck of the Estonia, Stenmark said, minor rocking of the ferry would be enough to send tons of water sloshing from one side of the vessel to the other, causing it to capsize.

Freeing trade

Six Gulf Arab states have indefinitely suspended their embargo on trading with companies that do business with Israel. "There is a commitment from the states of the Gulf Cooperation Council to no longer enforce secondary and tertiary aspects of the boycott and not discriminate against American companies," said U.S. Secretary of State Warren Christopher. The states—Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, United Arab Emirates, Bahrain, Qatar and Oman—promised to support any moves within the Arab League to lift the boycott completely.

A showdown looms if Ottawa taxes RRSPs and pension plans

BY BRENDA DALGLISH



FitzGerald: 'Clearly it's on the table'

A RAID ON SAVINGS?

Starting this week, the federal government will begin rolling out an agenda of bad news. First, Human Resources Minister Lloyd Axworthy will release the government's social policy paper, which is bound to call for shrinking the social safety net. Later this month, Finance Minister Paul Martin is to deliver an economic update on the deteriorating state of the government's finances. Then, probably before the spring budget, the government will release a report on the financial implications of Canada's aging population. The aging paper, as it is known informally in Ottawa, is supposed to assess the coming strain on Old Age Security (OAS) and the Canada Pension Plan (CPP), as well as consider changes to the tax-deferred private retirement savings in company pension plans and Registered Retirement Savings Plans (RRSPs). Now, as various options are being weighed, actuaries and pension consultants close to the debate say the government is considering easing its financial problems by making a tax grab for some of the $550 billion now stored in pension plans and RRSPs. "When the government says that it's going to the trouble of examining the retirement system, it doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that they're planning to *do* something," said Brian FitzGerald, a principal in the pension consulting firm Towers Perrin in Toronto. Added FitzGerald: "They're looking at ways to tax retirement savings. Clearly it's on the table."

Exactly what the government is planning is uncertain. Martin will say only that he is considering all options. But an actuary close to the debate says the government has indicated privately that it wants to accompany cuts in social programs with new taxes that will raise $1 billion in revenue from pension plans and RRSPs. The moves are part of Martin's effort to meet his 1995 deficit target of $32.7 billion, significantly lower than this year's projected $39.7-billion shortfall. A tax on retirement savings could take many forms, but the two most likely options are a levy of about one-half of one percentage point on all RRSP and pension assets or a tax of more than 10 per cent on the plans' annual investment earnings. Another possible alternative, leaving the existing funds untouched but reducing the maximum level of tax-free annual pension-plan contributions, is considered less likely because it would not generate as much revenue.

There is no doubt that any attempt by the government to raid the retirement savings of Canadians would provoke strong opposition. Late last month, four of the country's largest pension-and-benefit consulting firms held a joint news conference in Ottawa to warn the public. "We think that any tax that would act as a disincentive to saving is wrong," said Dan McCaw, president of William M. Mercer Ltd. of Toronto, one of the four companies. "The problem is that Canadians aren't saving *enough* for their retirement now."

Despite that, the federal government is tempted by the retirement-savings pools simply because they contain so much money. According to 1992 statistics, the latest figures available, Canadians had socked away $147 billion in RRSPs and more than $377 billion in employer-sponsored pension plans—a total amount almost equal to the federal government's debt of $550 billion. Money deposited in either kind of retirement plan is not taxed until it is withdrawn—usually when plan holders retire and qualify for a lower tax bracket because of reduced income. The government estimates that its tax income suffers by $10 billion to $15 billion a year because of tax-sheltered retirement savings.

According to pension experts, any tax on retirement savings would almost certainly embrace not only RRSPs but also the even larger, but less visible, company pension plans. That is because recent government policy has attempted to ensure, for fairness, that all Canadians receive roughly the same tax benefits for their retirement savings, regardless of whether they use pension plans, RRSPs or some combination of both. Another complication comes in the case of defined benefit pension plans, in which employers have promised to pay specific benefits to individuals when they retire, unlike defined contribution plans, in which employers simply contribute a fixed amount of money annually to each worker's retirement savings plan. A tax on the assets or earnings of defined benefit pension plans will shift the cost to the employers, who will have to contribute more to the plans so that they can meet their commitments.

Despite the sensitivity of the subject, the government could muster arguments in favor of taxing pension savings. For one thing, the tax benefits for retirement savings are more generous in Canada than in many other countries, including the United States. And some critics contend that RRSPs are of benefit mainly to the affluent. Only about one in every three eligible Canadians contributes to an RRSP. Participants put $16 billion into RRSPs in 1992, the last year for which numbers are available, but that was not even a quarter of the $72 billion that could have been contributed. Still, Statistics Canada says that more than 80 per cent of RRSP contributors have incomes below $60,000 and more than one-third of contributors have incomes under $30,000. Said FitzGerald: "RRSPs are not just indulgences of the rich."



Martin: deteriorating government finances confront the demands of an aging population

The Liberal government has already backed away once from the idea of taxing retirement savings. When Martin encountered strong opposition to the idea as he prepared his first budget late last year, he dropped it. Instead, the government announced in the February budget that it would begin preparing for the aging of the population by releasing a paper on the financial issues that will arise by 2030, when the proportion of people over the age of 65 is expected to have doubled from current levels to 23 per cent of the population. The paper, which is being jointly prepared by the finance, human resources and health departments, is to determine what will happen as the number of people paying for retirement programs like the CPP shrinks at the same time as the number receiving those benefits grows. The paper is also expected to consider modifications to the public pension system, including the CPP, Old Age Security, and the Guaranteed Income Supplement (GIS), which is available for poor seniors.

Some observers think that the government may use the paper as its first opportunity to begin tightening up the public pension system. Said McCaw: "I think it's reasonable to expect that the government will make some modifications." He suggested, for instance, that the government could begin to raise the retirement age. In fact, the Canadian Institute of Actuaries has suggested, among other changes, that the age of retirement for the purpose of CPP benefits be gradually increased to 70 from 65. That is because, if no changes are made, within 30 years taxpayers will be paying 14 per cent of their gross income to fund the CPP as the baby boom generation retires. Currently, they pay about five per cent of gross income.

But if the government is serious in its concern about the aging population, critics argue, the paper, which is intended to provoke public debate rather than make extensive recommendations, should look at even broader issues. Robert Brown, an actuary at the University of Waterloo, who was one of the first to propose a hike in the retirement age as a way of fixing the CPP's underfunding, says that an even more important issue is the effect on the Canadian economy when millions of baby boomers stop working and begin cashing in the investments in the pensions and RRSPs. "I'm now convinced that the real issue is not whether the CPP can be pre-funded," said Brown, "but what happens when there's a mass transfer of wealth from production to consumption. I don't know if the economy can handle it." Brown says that conventional economic theory suggests that when the retiring boomers stop producing but continue consuming, they will create a new wave of hyperinflation.

Government officials would not say whether the aging paper will cover that much territory. But there is considerable speculation that disagreements about scope are one of the reasons that the officials drafting the paper routinely decline to talk about the project or give any clue about when it will be released. Some observers say that finance officials are pushing for a paper that will focus on revenue-raising goals, while human resources would prefer a more comprehensive one that will focus on the future needs of retirees. One idea that is receiving considerable attention is the Australian retirement system model, in which employers are required to provide mandatory pensions.

Regardless of the paper's findings or recommendations, it is likely to be controversial. FitzGerald says that he and his colleagues were surprised by the amount of interest their Ottawa news conference generated. Even beforehand, as he was flying to Ottawa, he was asked by a flight attendant who read a news release that he had on his knee whether a tax on RRSPs is coming. "She said 'Surely they won't try that,' " he recalled. Her response is echoed by Lloyd Atkinson, the Bank of Montreal's chief economist, who attended one of Martin's recent pre-budget consultations. The government can expect a fight if it tampers with RRSPs, said Atkinson. "There are very few sacred cows in Canada," he added, "but that's one." Until now, Jean Chrétien's Liberal government has gone out of its way to avoid a fight, but this might be one battle it cannot afford to duck. □

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Lloyd's of losses

Canadian investors battle the London legend

On Sept. 21, 1992, Margaret Bailey returned home from some afternoon errands to find her husband, Russell, 64, dead in the front hall of the couple's house in Burlington, Ont. He had committed suicide. "Please, don't ask me how," she said in an interview last week, fighting back tears. A successful sales consultant, Russell Bailey had been severely depressed over massive losses on the $500,000 that the couple had committed to the Lloyd's of London insurance market in 1986. At the time, Lloyd's profitable history—that hardly seemed like a huge risk. So the Baileys also accepted Lloyd's requirement of unlimited personal liability for losses. Then in 1991, Lloyd's began reporting huge losses—and demanding cash from investors to cover them. Margaret Bailey now owes more than $2 million. However, she refuses to pay, alleging that she and her husband were victims of widespread fraud at Lloyd's in the 1980s.

Last week, in the first Lloyd's-related case to go to trial in Canada, Bailey, 63, was in court in Toronto to observe the proceedings dealing with 18 other investors who face the same grim predicament. They are being sued by three banks—the Royal Bank of Canada, the Hongkong Bank of Canada and Citibank Canada—that provided them with letters of credit and are responsible to Lloyd's for the investors' losses. If the banks win the precedent-setting case, Bailey says that she and other investors stand to lose all their assets as well.

In total, there are 473 Canadian investors in Lloyd's—officially known as Lloyd's Names. The Baileys, and most of the other Canadian Names, were among more than 14,000 investors who joined Lloyd's in the 1980s, almost doubling its membership to a peak of 32,433 in 1988. When Names join Lloyd's, they pledge money to one or more of hundreds of underwriting syndicates that issue policies in specified fields, such as shipping and aviation. But those who joined in the 1980s arrived at the wrong time. In 1991, Lloyd's, which takes three years to tally up its results, reported a record loss of $1.2 billion for 1988. For the following three years, the losses totalled another $13 billion. And many experts predict that billions more are yet to come. In Canada, 214 Names who are members of the Hamilton-based Association of Canadian Names, an advocacy group, already owe more than $1 million each on average. Worldwide, thousands of Names now face bankruptcy, and Russell Bailey was one of 10 who committed suicide. Thousands have joined advocacy groups in Britain, North America and elsewhere.

Officially, Lloyd's has blamed its losses on an unexpected deluge of accidents and natural disasters in the 1980s, including the crash of Pan Am Flight 103 in Lockerbie, Scotland, in 1988 and Hurricane Hugo in 1989, as well as an avalanche of U.S. asbestosis and pollution claims. But the advocacy groups have commenced legal actions in Britain and their home countries alleging that Lloyd's officials knew in the early 1980s that massive losses stemming from asbestosis claims in particular were pending, but that they did not disclose that information. As well, the disgruntled Names allege that underwriters of the troubled syndicates aggressively recruited new members in the 1980s, mostly outside Britain, to try to cover those anticipated losses. Kenneth Lavery, a retired chartered accountant from Oakville, Ont., who has conducted extensive research into the asbestosis issue, said: "The minute I signed the form, I was bankrupt."



'No matter what happens, it won't bring my husband back'

—MARGARET BAILEY, *whose husband, a Lloyd's Name, committed suicide in 1992*

The allegations of fraud have surfaced in testimony before Ontario Court Justice Robert Blair in the trial which began in Toronto on Sept. 19 and will likely conclude this week. But the issue that Blair must decide is a much narrower one. Like Margaret Bailey, the 18 Names who are being sued in the case all wrote letters to their banks in 1991, citing evidence of fraud on the part of Lloyd's, and instructing the banks not to honor letters of credit issued to Lloyd's at the time they became Names. However, lawyers for the three banks argue that the evidence that the Names provided was not clear and convincing enough for them to stop payment to Lloyd's for losses as they were obligated to do under the letters of credit. The banks' lawyers also note that a 1990 inquiry by Lloyd's council and investigations by regulators in Britain, as well as numerous court actions under way there, have not definitively proved the fraud allegations.

Still, four other major banks, the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, the Bank of Nova Scotia, the Bank of Montreal and the Toronto-Dominion Bank, after examining similar evidence, honored requests from Names to stop payments. But more than 100 Names who dealt with those banks are still not off the hook. In July, 1993, a British court ruled that the banks had to honor the letters of credit. Last month, all four banks filed lawsuits saying that the Names are still liable for their debts. Those suits will likely go to trial next year.

In addition to long and costly legal battles, the Canadian Names say that they have had trouble combating the widespread perception that Lloyd's members are extremely wealthy individuals who can easily cover their debts. Historically, that perception is grounded in fact. Lloyd's began in a London coffeehouse opened by Edward Lloyd in 1688, where shipowners and merchants met to arrange insurance. Over the centuries, the operation grew into one of the biggest and best-known insurance companies in the world. Even into the 1980s, Lloyd's was reporting substantial profits. But many investors were attracted by the social status accorded Lloyd's members, who included Prince Michael of Kent, a cousin of Queen Elizabeth II, and many other members of the British nobility. However, in 1980, Lloyd's lowered the price of that status—reducing its minimum personal net worth requirement to $185,000, before raising it again to $462,000 in 1990. Margaret Bailey says that, like many other Canadian Names, she and her husband backed their investment with the value of their four-bedroom house, which had a paid-off mortgage. Said Bailey: "We weren't greedy. We were just middle-class people."

Now the house, the marketing business that Margaret Bailey and her husband ran together and all of her other assets are at risk. She says that she subsists on Canada Pension Plan payments plus a small insurance company annuity that Russell had purchased for her before his death. But she has been unable to pass on money Russell bequeathed to his four adult children by a previous marriage. And she expects to be tied up in court for years. Regardless of the outcome, for her and many Lloyd's Names, the entire process is cruelly ironic because, even if Lloyd's takes everything they own, it cannot recover all its losses. Nor can Margaret Bailey, who ruefully observes, "No matter what happens, it won't bring my husband back."

JOHN DALY

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Business NOTES

A MUTUAL FUND WARNING

Suzanne Labarge, Ottawa's deputy superintendent of financial institutions, told the Senate banking committee that mutual funds should be more closely regulated to reduce the risk that a collapse in their value would trigger a cash crisis at the institutions that issue them. Canadians now hold $132 billion in mutual funds, up 30 per cent from just a year ago.

THE ECONOMY SHRINKS

After growing at a torrid rate of 6.4 per cent annually in the first six months of 1994, the economy shrank by 0.1 per cent in June. Statistics Canada said that increases in interest rates that began in March slowed growth in the retail, financial services and real estate sectors.

STAMP PRICE HIKE DELAYED

In a highly unusual move, the federal cabinet delayed a two-cent increase in the price of first-class stamps, which was scheduled to take effect on Oct. 1. The decision created some problems for the Crown corporation because it had already printed several million new 45-cent stamps.

THE OECD COMPROMISES

In a compromise move, the Paris-based Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development named Sweden's ambassador to the international economic research group, Staffan Sohlman, as its interim secretary general. France and other European members had wanted to extend the term of outgoing secretary general Jean-Claude Paye of France, while American, Canadian and Japanese delegates campaigned for former Montreal Liberal MP Donald Johnston.

TRADE ROADBLOCK

U.S. Senate commerce committee chairman Ernest Hollings vowed to try to block the passage of legislation needed to ratify the latest General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. The agreement, scheduled to take effect on Jan. 1, took seven years to negotiate and was signed by 125 nations last April. But textile producers in Hollings' home state of South Carolina have complained that the tariff cuts it creates put their industry at risk.

RETHINKING TAX COLLECTION

Ontario Finance Minister Floyd Laughren proposed that provinces stop collecting sales taxes in return for a larger share of federal income tax revenue. He said Ottawa could then raise the GST to about 13 per cent, while cutting income taxes.



Al-Waleed in an open-air desert office: 'ideal buyer' for a troubled business

The prince and pauper

A Saudi prince announced plans last week to spend $165 million to bail out cash-strapped Isadore Sharp and his luxury hotel chain. Four Seasons Hotels Inc. Prince Al-Waleed bin Talal bin Abdulaziz al Saud, the 37-year-old nephew of Saudi Arabia's King Fahd, is buying a 25-per-cent stake in the Toronto-based chain that operates 38 hotels around the world. The deal also includes plans for the prince to spend another $100 million to buy more hotels, including one already under construction in Riyadh, the Saudi capital, for Four Seasons to manage. Sharp, who had been looking for new investors since April, said the prince is an "ideal buyer." He first met with the prince to discuss a possible deal in mid-August, aboard a yacht on the French Riviera. Even though the prince paid a premium price of $22 a share to acquire his stake (Four Seasons was trading at $14.25), Sharp retains 65-per-cent control of the company and will remain chairman, president and chief executive officer. Al-Waleed said the deal, which is to be completed by Nov. 15, is part of his strategy "to invest significant amounts of capital with superior management teams throughout the world." In 1991, he spent nearly $1 billion to become the largest shareholder of Citicorp of New York City, the biggest bank in the United States. In June, he bought 24 per cent of Euro Disney, the struggling theme park outside Paris, spending $675 million. And in July, he acquired half of the Fairmont Hotel chain based in San Francisco. The prince's lavish assets include a 130-room palace, a Boeing 727 personal jet and a yacht with a helicopter landing pad.

Frozen out

New Brunswick Judge Paul Creaghan ruled last week that McCain Foods Ltd. could legally oust co-founder Wallace McCain, 64, from his job as co-chief executive officer and president. The Court of Queen's Bench judge also said that there are grounds for a full civil trial on a restructuring of the $3-billion frozen-food company. The ruling clears the way for other members of the feuding family to demote Wallace to a non-executive position as vice-chairman, with substantially less power. Meanwhile, Wallace is proceeding with other legal action to settle his disagreement with his brother Harrison, 66, his fellow chief executive, about how the company will be run. Wallace has proposed, among other things, that 20 per cent of McCain's shares be sold to the public.



New Age dreams in hard times

BY PETER C NEWMAN

This column has nothing to do with the nation's business, but since this issue's cover story explores the New Age ethic, it seems an appropriate moment to dream a little and get away from the gloom of economics and the platitudes of politics

Organized religion is dying According to a *Maclean's*/Angus Reid survey of 4,510 people published in April, 1993, less than a quarter of Canadian adults attend church regularly, even though eight out of ten adults affirm their belief in God There was little differentiation accorded various religions, while a growing number of the religiously inclined preferred to construct their own forms of worship

Reinforcing those findings is one of the more prominent conclusions in futurist John Naisbitt's authoritative 1993 study, *Megatrends 2000* Naisbitt predicted that the world is on the verge of a massive return to spirituality

At the same time, Remi de Roo of Victoria, the Roman Catholic bishop who has been at the forefront of religious enlightenment in this country, has commented that "while the physical membership of churches is collapsing all around us, that doesn't mean people are less religious. It's fascinating how words like 'values,' 'soul' and 'spirit' are coming back into ordinary discourse People are as spiritually inclined as ever, in the sense that they still dream, they still have visions and aspirations for a better world, they still look for some kind of paradise."

That escape from the confines of predigested doctrine to a disjointed, but compelling, new outlook on life and death is what the New Age movement is all about It transcends established religious dogma and stresses spiritual instead of materialistic values Marcel Proust, the reclusive French Postimpressionist novelist, caught this shift of moods when he wrote "The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes, but in having new eyes." That emphasizes borrowing wisdom less from our recognized religions than from eastern philosophies such as Buddhism, Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, Zen, Taoism, Hinduism and, of course, from primal belief systems It requires being so open to new experiences that instead of planning the detailed path of one's life, one allows it to unfold The idea is not merely to believe in spiritual intuitions, but to rely on them

Canadians are God's true children. We act like strangers in our own land without feeling at home anywhere else.

The problem with such a hangloose philosophy is that it is open to exploitation by self proclaimed prophets, weird cults and charlatans, some advocating rituals that can't be described in a family magazine At its core, creative spirituality transcends everything It is concerned more with listening and learning than with preaching or competing It's a quest for universal wisdom, knowledge of the mind, body, soul, and the cosmos of which they are all a part.

It is this harmony among the physical, the intellectual and the spiritual that really counts Spirituality cannot be achieved by life in the fast lane, or the worship of the ordinary and the mediocre Against the injurious onset of time and death the human soul finds strength in two things only love and faith We live, most of us half lives, fearing that we are really alone, that life is an inside joke dreamed up by a bored deity with a highly developed sense of the absurd In that way at least, Canadians are God's true children We act like strangers in our own land without feeling at home anywhere else

New Age dreams in these hard times are probably best realized in British Columbia, which explains in part why I moved here from Toronto 14 years ago It's not that geography necessarily defines spirituality, but there's something about the rain, the coast's voodoo politics and its physical beauty which tends to banish fears of alienation The kind of big-city cynicism prevalent in Toronto denies its inhabitants clear access to their inner feelings Stretched to the maximum of psychic exhaustion and denied emotional sanctuaries they can't be true to themselves.

Parading their well-nourished grievances and corroded sensibilities, most city-dwellers get through their days and nights by pretending to develop bulletproof psyches Loyalties fragment, the human spirit becomes dry and brittle In vivid contrast, working and living on Canada's West Coast encourages a more sensible daily rhythm than seems feasible in any of the country's concrete constructs Life at the continent's edge is full of thrust and sky, its feeling of isolation and sense of self-sufficiency provide an exhilarating testing ground for the soul. Those who can't find tranquillity in lotusland ought to enlist in the Foreign Legion Days are measured not by the animal acts required to grab a place in the passing lane of the Don Valley Parkway or Gardiner Expressway, but by the eternal faring of the tides and the fiery grace notes of sunrise and sunset.

Savoring the sights, the scents and sounds of the intertidal existence on these Pacific shores creates the allure of something close to the fourth dimension that New Agers claim is their quest (I'm not sure that most of the New Age movement's feelgood disciples would accept such a simplistic definition for their free-floating creed, but it works for me)

There is nothing crazy about being spiritual, though its essence defies simple definitions But there is an element of divine madness involved in that higher state of consciousness that reminds me of a scene in Miguel de Cervantes's *Don Quixote* The mad knight achieves one final moment of lucidity and recognizes how ridiculous he has become. Instead of wallowing in selfpity he mischievously inquires whether the reader would like to join him in "casting off the melancholy burden of sanity." No one takes him up on the offer, of course, and he lapses back into the comfort of his private madness. Perhaps he was the world's first New Ager But I don't think so

While it may be absurd to believe that spiritual pursuits can fashion a more satisfying life, it's more absurd not even to try

Next week, back to the real world the truly absurd realities of Canadian politics



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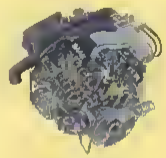
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CHUCK STODDY/CANAPRESS

WAITING GAME

A power struggle could doom a hockey season

His wife Carl was at work and the house was quiet Ron MacLean was in the study of his home in Oakville, Ont., one morning last week, and he was thinking about all the changes that had occurred in the 26-team NHL over the past summer He made notes about trades, free-agent signings new coaches, new owners and promising rookies. The genial 34-year-old host of *Hockey Night in Canada*, one of the most popular shows on Canadian television was preparing for his first broadcast of the 1994-1995 NHL season "I'm working on ways to tell all the stories," MacLean said "Half the magic for a fan is the players in new uniforms, new buildings new cities I love opening night for that alone." But MacLean was also doing something else, scanning books on labor disputes in professional sports—preparing for the distinct possibility that the owners would lock out the players before the opening faceoffs

They haven't exactly—not yet. Instead, they postponed the opening of the 1994-1995 NHL season, which was set for Oct. 1 until Oct. 15, while they make a last-ditch effort to negotiate a new collective bargaining agreement with the players That left two weeks to accomplish what the two sides had tried and failed to do for the past year The owners—echoing the same issue that killed the baseball season—insist that they need to control skyrocketing salaries to ensure the survival of small market teams, which in hockey's case, includes the Winnipeg Jets, the Ottawa Senators and the Quebec Nordiques. The players have categorically rejected any form of salary cap, and they have refused to take part in any team-sponsored practices during what they regard as just a lockout in-disguise At a critical time for the growth of hockey—when it has no World Series to compete with and new TV contracts to provide unprecedented exposure—the entire 1994-1995 season could hang on the latest talks "We are looking for peace," said Boston Bruins owner Jeremy Jacobs. "But we are fully prepared for the alternative."

The owners' move was a bid to buy time and to capture public opinion Since intense negotiations began in mid-August, the players have outshot them in the public relations game They reported to training camps in early September, even though league commissioner Gary Bettman removed 19 benefits included in their old agreement, which expired in September, 1993 They played the exhibition schedule under threat of a lockout on Oct. 1 And in an eleventh-hour move last week, they offered to complete the entire 84-game season, as well as the Stanley Cup playoffs, without a contract and without a strike. The owners' position is that they are neither accepting nor rejecting that offer by postponing the season

Many observers believe that the differences between the two sides are so wide that a two-week delay may merely put off the inevitable The most contentious item is the owners' insistence upon some form of salary cap (although they avoid the phrase like a bruising body check). Their proposals would either create a different cap for each club, based on a set percentage of revenues, or a single figure for all teams based on the league's average payroll In either case Bettman proposed last week that the league tax teams that pay salaries in excess of the average On a graduated scale, the fines would increase from five per cent of the first $250,000 over the average to a maximum of 125 per cent. The tax money, in turn, would be pooled and used to assist the small-market teams The players countered with an offer to tax not just salaries but revenues—and estimated that their scheme would create a pool of $25 million to $35 million annually for small-market franchises

The fruitless talks had many players fuming, and their anger was aimed straight at the commissioner Although he later apologized, Chicago Blackhawk defenceman Chris Chelios even suggested that Bettman and his family should be concerned for their personal safety "Some crazed fan or even a player, who knows, might take it into their own hands and figure they'd get him out of the way and things might get settled," Chelios said. Even the normally diplomatic Wayne Gretzky was exasperated "They're talking to us about a partnership," he told *Maclean's* in Los Angeles after flying back from an NHL players' association (NHLPA) meeting in Toronto "But I haven't heard the New York Rangers offer to help the Hartford Whalers or the Toronto Maple Leafs offering to help the Winnipeg Jets."

The stalemate tested the patience of fans and created enormous anxiety among the companies and individuals who rely on pro hockey for their incomes TV networks such as the CBC would lose millions in advertising revenue if the season were postponed indefinitely Retailers of licensed NHL merchandise, everything from team sweaters to bedspreads bearing club logos, anticipate that their sales would drop dramatically Darkened arenas would put ushers, Zamboni drivers and ticket takers out of work (and keep the scalpers off the street, though few people would mourn *their* absence). Sports-bar owners in NHL cities had visions of empty barstools and unsold beer "We can't even afford to think about the possibility of the whole season being scrapped," said Allan Ehrenworth, manager of M. L. Gardoonies, located across the street from Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens "It would be devastating."

But if the season were cancelled, the biggest loser would be hockey itself The dispute has occurred just as the league's new TV deals were about to take the game into U.S. prime time The NHL collected nearly $300 million by selling five years of network and cable TV rights, respectively, to Los Angeles-based Fox Broadcasting Co. and ESPN, the all-sports network based in Bristol, Conn. The baseball strike also created an opportunity for the NHL to attract new fans. "Hockey could present itself as the sport that cares about the fan," said MacLean "It's a great chance to expand the game's casual fan base in the Sunbelt But the owners have obviously concluded that it is more important to get their costs in line It's a huge risk."

There is no question that hockey has begun to score big with more U.S. sports fans In the past four years, the NHL awarded franchises to the Sunbelt cities of Miami, Tampa Bay, Anaheim and San Jose, while the Minnesota North Stars pulled out of Minneapolis-St. Paul and resurfaced in Dallas as the Stars. And the Stanley Cup final last June—seven white-knuckle games between the New York Rangers and the Vancouver Canucks that ended with the Rangers capturing their first title in 54 years—was a promoter's dream. "It was like pulling straight sevens on a slot machine," said former Ranger goaltender John Davidson, a Calgary native and color commentator on Madison Square Garden Network hockey broadcasts "You can't get a Ranger ticket this year They're sold out for the season."

But success has been both a blessing and a curse League revenues reached $700 million last season, up from $550 million in 1992-1993, partly because of the successful launch of two new teams, the Anaheim Mighty Ducks and the Florida Panthers. With those clubs leading the way, sales of licensed merchandise, which brought in $200 million four years ago, are expected to surpass $1.35 billion this year Despite the revenue windfall, Bettman describes the NHL as "a league with a profound financial problem." He contends that the owners have seen their substantial profits of a few years ago transformed into a large collective loss. A main reason player salaries have more than doubled in five years, to an average of $560,000 from $232,000 While there were three millionaire hockey players five years ago there are now 75. The players point out that no one forced the owners to give them those contracts—and argue that there is no way the league is losing money.

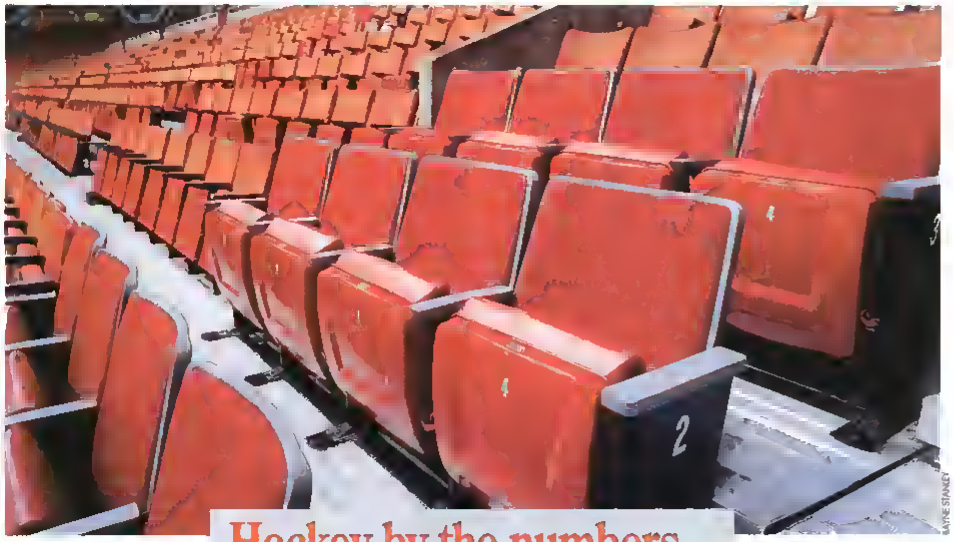
The two sides are represented by tough professional negotiators, and both happen to be Americans—a source of considerable irritation to some Canadian fans Bob Goodenow, 41, a Detroit born, Harvard-educated labor lawyer, became executive director of the NHLPA in January, 1991, after the players ousted Alan Eagleson who founded the association in the late 1960s and ruled it with an iron hand for more than 20 years Their disenchantment grew out of Eagleson's unusually close personal relations with several NHL owners, as well as with former league president John Ziegler Some hockey writers and players referred derisively to Eagleson and Ziegler as "Iggy and Ziggy." And since Eagleson's departure, a U.S. federal grand jury in Boston has indicted him on 32 charges—including racketeering, fraud, embezzlement and obstruction of justice—arising from his management of the players' association and international hockey tournaments

The new guard and the old squared off in early 1992, when



BRUCE BENNETT/IMAGE BANK

Bettmon, Goodenow (right). two weeks to accomplish what the two sides failed to do for the past year



WAYNE STANKEY

Hockey by the numbers

The average salary for an NHL player in 1993 was $560,000, up from $232,000 five years earlier. The highest-paid player last year: Wayne Gretzky of the Los Angeles Kings, $11 million.

In 1974, the Washington Capitals paid an $8-million expansion fee to join the NHL. In 1993, the Anaheim Mighty Ducks and the Florida Panthers paid more than $65 million apiece.

The average price of a ticket to an NHL game is $29; to a major-league baseball game, $14.

Retail sales of NHL merchandise in North America climbed to $1.35 billion in 1994, up from $200 million in 1990; over the same period, international sales jumped to $40 million—up from nothing.

Goodenow and Ziegler sat down to negotiate a new agreement. By all accounts, Ziegler was overmatched by Goodenow. The result was a 10-day player strike in April, 1992, that delayed the playoffs and led to a hastily concluded agreement that addressed few of the owners' concerns. "One thing is certain," says MacLean. "Whatever was in the last deal, it sent an absolute wave of panic through the establishment. The NHL was ill prepared and the negotiations were absolute chaos. You had 24 different owners trying to analyze each new player proposal. Afterward, Ziegler was gone in a heartbeat and his replacement, Gil Stein, didn't survive six months."

After the contract debacle, the owners set up a search committee to find a new chief executive. According to Stan Fischler, a New York City hockey writer and broadcaster, their first choice was Russ Granik, deputy commissioner of the National Basketball Association, but he turned them down. Instead, they hired Bettman, a New York lawyer who was the NBA's senior vice-president and general counsel, and in February, 1993, made him NHL commissioner. For a majority of the league's owners, Bettman, now 42, was an attractive choice, in part because he had negotiated a salary cap for the NBA in the early 1980s.

In less than two years as NHL commissioner, Bettman has improved the operation of the league and substantially increased revenues. He hired vice-presidents of marketing and media relations, negotiated the new TV deals, realigned the league's four divisions, overhauled the playoff structure and strengthened the merchandising division. He also hired former player and general manager Brian Burke to curb violence on the ice—improving the public's perception of hockey. "People used to see hockey players as uneducated goons skating around clobbering each other and having fistfights," says Davidson. "The league is now ruled by a strong hand. People are beginning to understand that hockey is a tough sport, but they also see the beauty and the grace."

Now that Bettman is immersed in his most critical test—the negotiation of a new agreement—it is apparent that he has won the owners' trust. "One of the demands Bettman made when he took the job was that he would be the sole negotiator and these guys would have to shut up," said Fischler. "He got what he wanted. I know this because I do a TV show and wanted to interview an owner. The guy told me they mean business about speaking with one voice." In a show of solidarity, the owners shared the stage with Bettman on Sept. 30 when he announced the delay in starting the season—and a few of them even talked. But Davidson said Bettman's control is unprecedented. "The owners are committed to his leadership in this fight. Nobody else is saying a word. This is unbelievable."

Goodenow has a much larger and more unruly constituency to control. But his advisers and the player representatives insist that he has the solid support of his members. Doug Wilson, who spent 16 years in the NHL before joining the players' association as coordinator of business development, said that Goodenow has won their support by communicating openly with them on the issues. And Wilson insists that the players will never accept an agreement that contains the dreaded salary cap. "Each team can have a salary cap," he said. "It's called a budget. All the owner has to do is hire a qualified general manager, give him a budget and tell him to live within it. These guys can't control themselves so they want the players to save them." With just a few minutes to go in overtime, the owners and players may not have much longer to save the season.

D'ARCY JENISH with JAMES DEACON in Los Angeles



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Civil war among the millionaires

BY TRENT FRAYNE

Once, the Canadian athlete was a fettered slave bound to the whim of a lordly owner who tended to treat him like a hound dog. You doubt this? The irascible Conn Smythe, master of the Toronto Maple Leafs, shipped a skinny centre named Johnny (Goose) McCormack to the minor-league farm club back in 1948 because John had the audacity to get married during the hockey season. Smythe didn't want guys getting married in mid season, he wanted 'em thinking about *hockey*.

Further, the grossly misnamed Jack (Jolly Jawn) Adams, lord high llama of the Detroit Red Wings, grew so disenchanted with his highly productive left winger, tempestuous Ted Lindsay, for endeavoring to form a union of fellow serfs that he stopped speaking to him for the whole of the 1956 season and then shipped him to the purgatory of the era, the Chicago Black Hawks (for C. Smythe's part, when the Leaf boss learned that his steady-going defenceman Jimmy Thomson was the Maple Leaf representative, he labelled him "a traitor and a Quisling" and, as Adams had done, dispatched him to grisly Chicago).

Ah, how times have changed. Nowadays the tail is wagging *le chien*, as we used to say in Chicoutimi. His lordship Wayne Gretzky goes seven or eight or 10 million a year for the L.A. Kings, owns a racehorse or two and a pile of rare coins and is married to a leggy onetime movie starlet, Janet Jones.

And now, too, there's New York's new Hercules, Mark Messier, inspiring the home-town Rangers last spring to their first Stanley Cup since just after the puck was invented and thereby achieving sufficient celebrity to appear upon a big network TV show as an awards presenter alongside a curvy creature who had poured herself into a slinky gown with an eyedropper. Mess wore a tux, was so Manhattan hip that he had a collar button where mere mortals wear black ties. And Mess, a lantern-jawed hunk from Edmonton, used September's final week suggesting to his Ranger employers that $8 million a year would be acceptable compensation for last spring's heroics. The new employers, ITT-Cablevision Corp., offered $6.4 million annually, but as Dave Anderson wrote in *The New York Times*, if the Stanley Cup isn't worth Mark Messier's extra $8 million (over three years), "those ITT-Cablevision suits don't understand what they bought."

Owners can't control themselves and want a cap on salaries so players can provide the control for them

Not to forget Larry Walker. Larry Walker is the only Canadian-born-and-raised ball player on God's green footstool to come along and wallop the long, *long* ball off big-league pitching. Not some singles hitter like the Ontario-born pair, Rob Ducey and Rob Butler, not some slashing line-drive hitter like hard-running Terry Puhl of Melville, Sask., but a genuine threat to the folks in the seats beyond the fences, a left-handed slugger from Maple Ridge, B.C., whose next salary will close on $5 million even if all the penniless big-league owners are successful in applying a salary cap to their payrolls in baseball's current player strike.

It is amazing how the penniless owners are able to keep three meals a day on the tables of their wives and little ones, the way the ball players are fleecing them. Their franchises are practically worthless, such as the Baltimore Orioles, who, when they changed hands in 1989, brought $94 million, and who were sold last year to a lawyer named Peter Angelos for $232 million. Yep, $232 million.

And there are the not-quite-impoverished owners of the Toronto Blue Jays. In 1976, for $7 million, the Blue Jays were acquired by three owners—Labatt, the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce and Montreal tycoon Howard Webster. Now, with Labatt acquiring Webster's 45 per cent to become the 90-per-cent owner, they could fetch upwards of $200 million if the Labatt vat went dry.

These people are fairly typical of big-league magnates, guys who barely know squat about baseball but are rich, rich, rich. Even so, a solid front of them wants a salary cap. Their claim is that the small-market towns such as Seattle, Milwaukee and Montreal cannot compete with the Baltimores and the Torontos and the Dodgers and the Yankees and the Cubs and so on.

The Cubs, now there's an illustration of how owners can't control themselves and so want a cap on salaries so that the players can provide the control for them. A couple of seasons ago, the practically destitute Cubbie owners (the Tribune corporation, which owns the *Chicago Tribune* newspaper and television superstation WGN) gave the accomplished though aging 33-year-old second baseman Ryne Sandberg a four-year contract at $9.5 million a season. Even Sandberg found this a trifle outlandish, last summer he retired, saying his performance couldn't justify that kind of money.

In hockey, the fairly new commissioner, Gary Bettman, claimed this fall that there had to be a new collective bargaining agreement in place by Oct. 1 or the season's opening would be "postponed"—in other words a lockout. Bettman said he was not going to give players the leverage to play half a season and then strike, the way the baseball players did last August. When the players pledged not to strike during the season or the Stanley Cup playoffs, the owners pushed back a decision by two weeks.

Hockey players don't make the money ball players do but they're getting there. Last season, 75 players made at least a million dollars. Just five years ago, there were three. Some coaches are keeping the wolf from the door, too. Mike Keenan jumped from the Stanley Cup Rangers to the St. Louis Blues for a reported $2.7 million, Scotty Bowman gets $1 million in Detroit and Toronto's gloomy Pat Burns is said to have hit $800,000.

Big bucks. Back in 1976, after the Philadelphia Flyers had won the Stanley Cup twice in consecutive seasons, their coach Fred Shero told me it was time coaches were "up around the hundred thousand mark." Such impudence startled me. A few years before that, Frank Boucher, a Hall of Fame centre who had spent 29 years with the Rangers and was both the coach and general manager in the late 1940s, confessed that the biggest salary he'd ever made was $8,500. It never occurred to him to strike.

THE NEW SPIRITUALITY

Mainstream North America is on a massive search for meaning in life

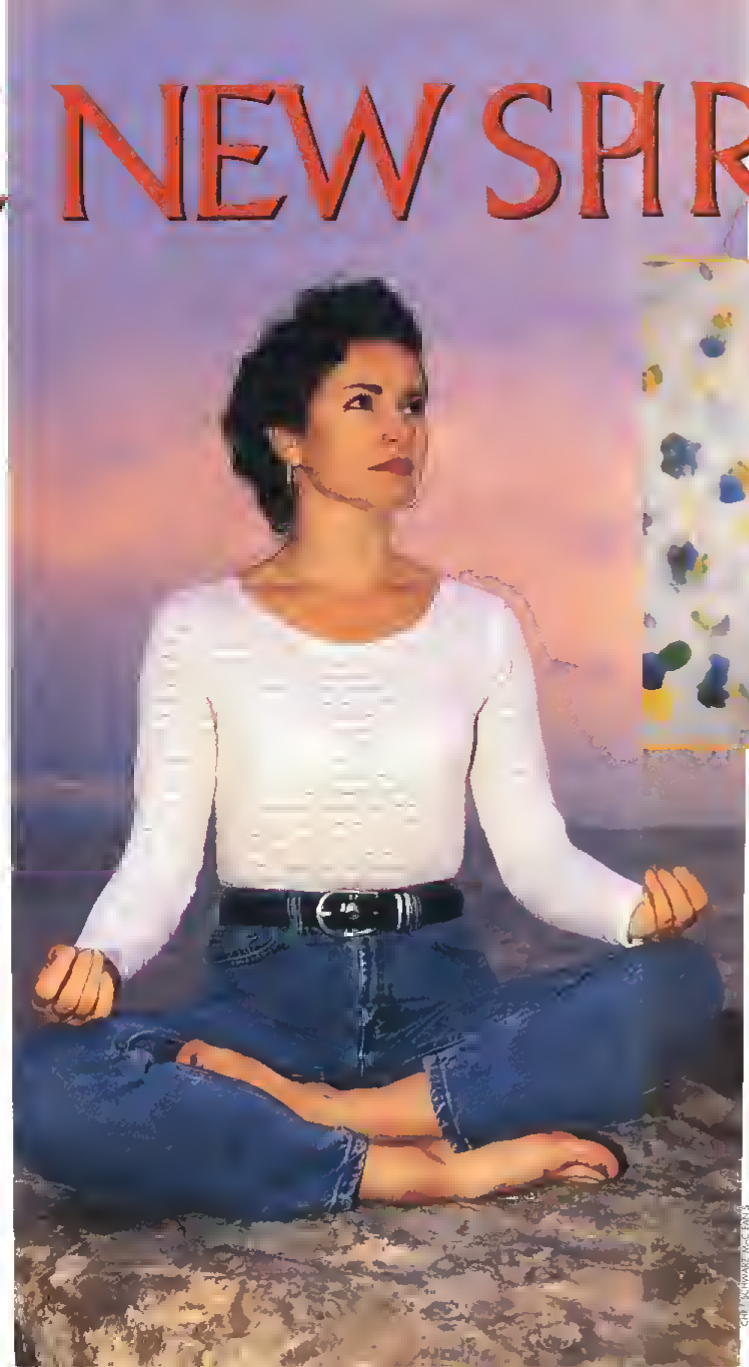
BY MARCI McDONALD

It was a wrong turn on a placid Massachusetts country road that changed Rex Inglis's life. Holidaying in the rolling hills of the Berkshires with his wife, Denise, the wealthy Toronto entrepreneur had just driven out the gates of the Tanglewood Music Festival in Lenox when he veered left instead of right. The couple found themselves high on a manicured hill in front of a four-storey arc of institutional brick a former Jesuit monastery that announced its new identity as Kripalu Yoga Ashram. Inside, the evening service known as *satsang* was just beginning. "We could hear all these tinkling bells and people jumping up and down, and we thought 'What the hell is this?' " he recalls. An engineer and the owner of a multimillion-dollar railroad equipment firm, Inglis was no seeker of nirvana. But he felt himself drawn back to the place. "When we walked around," he says, "I got such a wonderful sense of peace."

When the ashram opened a branch in Toronto, Inglis volunteered to paint the walls. And when the guru came to speak, he found himself in a front row seat—with tears suddenly, inexplicably, streaming down his face. Now a decade later, at 60, he rises every morning at 5:30 for an hour and a half of yoga before work—part of a discipline that he says has revolutionized his relationships and his capacity to focus in business. Every week, he leads a discussion group for other men—including two top provincial government officials, a financial adviser and a teacher—which he opens with a meditation inviting them to "feel the feelings, ride the wave." And these days, when he and Denise return to Lenox as Priyatam and Priyada, their Sanskrit names, they find themselves among hundreds of other middle-class devotees whose BMWs and Jeeps now jam the parking lot. Over the past decade, Kripalu has mushroomed into the continent's largest ashram and holistic health centre, dispensing a sophisticated mix of Eastern mysticism and Western psychotherapy techniques to 14,000 visitors a year who flock to its broadloomed halls. Those capacity crowds are only one symptom of the massive quest for a new spirituality currently gripping mainstream North America. "The people I meet there are very well-educated and affluent," says Denise, who teaches yoga to cancer patients in Toronto. "But there's also a lot of pain. The money, the education, the success—it hasn't brought them anything—so it seems a lot of people are searching."

That search is taking countless shapes, from the thousands of computer hackers who log onto CompuServe's New Age Forum for an electronic update on crystals or tarot cards to the crowds that packed U.S. conference halls last year to hear Vietnamese Buddhist monk Thich Nhat Hanh. In Vancouver, more than 700 people paid $149 each last April for an afternoon in the city's convention centre starring Deepak Chopra, a former Boston endocrinologist whose best-sellers advocate meditation and visualization to heal the body. And in Calgary a month later, the owner of two upscale fashion boutiques joined a dozen others for a weekend to study the rites of an ancient Hawaiian religion called Huna—then walked barefoot over hot coals.

"There is a huge spiritual quest going on," says Toronto religion writer Tom Harpur, an Anglican priest and theologian who chronicled the search in *God Help Us* two years ago. "There's a lot of attempts at quick fixes and spiritual junk food as well. But even the silly fringe is part of it." Agrees Ron Graham, who surveyed the role of religion in Canada in his 1990 book, *God's Dominion*: "Most people need a new language or package that makes spirituality real for them again." But Graham, editor of Jean Chretien's *Straight from the Heart* and a 21-year practitioner of Buddhist meditation, sees the search as the symptom of a larger historical shift. "This is a transitional time," he says, "and something is trying to be born—some new traditions or metaphors to live by."





PETER MERCEY/NFB, CANADA

Film-maker Rasky; yoga teacher Comeau (left); sampling a smorgasbord of beliefs, ranging from Buddhism to Carl Jung's notions of the soul

The signs and portents are everywhere—on gift shop counters littered with angels in a dizzying array of manifestations and in the public raptures of U.S. trend-spotter Faith Popcorn over her own rediscovery of meditation. Not only has what Harpur calls a "spiritual renaissance" captured the popular imagination, it has also captured the marketplace. Last March, record moguls watched in disbelief as a true golden oldie—a compact disc of 1,300-year-old Gregorian chants by 20 Benedictine monks from the obscure Spanish monastery of Santo Domingo de Silos—mysteriously rocketed to the top of the pop charts. And in the wake of celestial ratings for Bill Moyers's public TV specials on mythologist Joseph Campbell and the body-mind connection, *The New York Times* noted the networks' ongoing "infatuation with the mystical." At the CBC, Oscar-nominated producer Harry Rasky has just completed the final edit on *Prophecy*, a $600,000 epic that links the Hebrew oracles of the Old Testament with the apocalyptic visions of Dave Courchene, a noted Cree medicine man from Manitoba. Marvelled the *Times*' critic John J. O'Connor: "The electronic hills are alive with the ominous sound of the inexplicable."

Meanwhile, on both sides of the border, the coveted first spot on the best-selling fiction lists has been commandeered for months not by the latest lion-thumper from Danielle Steel, but by a slim, simplistically written mystical thriller about an ancient Peruvian manuscript promising nine insights for self-fulfilment and a transcendent union with the universe. Originally rejected by editors and self-published by a former Alabama youth counsellor named James Redfield, *The Celestine Prophecy* has sold more than 1.5 million copies over the past seven months—70,000 of them in Canada and 40,000 since August alone (page 54).

On the nonfiction shelves, the startling success of yet another self-published title, *Embraced by the Light*, by Betty Eadie, has prompted a rash of manuscripts on what publishers now breezily refer to as "NDEs"—near-death experiences. And no search for a quick spiritual fix seems able to account for the best-selling status of two contemplative works by former Servite monk Thomas Moore: *Soulmates* and *Care of the Soul: A Guide For Cultivating Depth and Sacredness in Everyday Life*. "Now, everybody wants to use 'soul' in his title," says Tami Simon, co-owner of Sounds True Inc., an inspirational audiotape distributor in Boulder, Colo.

Simon ranks Moore's boxed cassette sets as the most popular in her thriving $5-million-a-year business. In fact, Marilyn

McGuire, president of the New Age Publishing and Retailing Alliance, based on Orcas Island off Vancouver, estimates that the industry now rings up $1 billion a year in sales—only a fraction of the $45 billion that North Americans spent in 1993 on self-development. But where once the metaphysical was the exclusive province of the Birkenstock set, talk of Reiki masters and past-life regression routinely wafts above the Gucci and Ferragamos on the cocktail and canapés circuit. And the University of Calgary's extension department offered two courses this fall entitled Ultimate Questions I and II. Says William Irwin Thompson, a former professor at Toronto's York University who tracks such cultural shifts: "People in the merchandising business say spirituality is the buzzword of the Nineties."

But is it only another marketing fad, as Hollywood director Michael Tolkin hints in his just-released film satire, *The New Age*? Is the search for a new spirituality merely a novel twist on the Me Generation's old consumer passions—a spiritual shopping spree? "Whether you're buying books or weekend workshops, it just seems like such an acquisitive spirituality," worries Katherine Smalley, a former producer for the CBC's *Man Alive*. "In the 18 years I spent making films, the real contemporary saints were the ones who laid their lives on the line every day. This is much more like spiritual thrill-seeking." But others argue that the quest is too widespread to be shrugged off as a trend—and the hunger too profound. "I think it's symptomatic of something that's deep and real rather than just a passing fad," says Graham. "And it hasn't peaked yet."

Harpur faults churches and synagogues for failing to minister to that "deep longing—the spiritual dimension of awe and mystery." As he points out: "People seem intuitively aware that something is missing in their lives, and there's a reaction against traditional religion." In *Unknown Gods*, sociologist Reginald Bibby of the University of Lethbridge in Alberta documents the fact that, since the end of the Second World War, the percentage of Canadians with ties to organized religion has plummeted to 25 per cent from 60 per cent. "But all the surveys indicate that there's a high, high level of receptivity to spirituality," he says. "So we can only assume that those needs are being met elsewhere."



PETER BREGG/MACLEAN'S

Fraser, author of *The Book of Strange*: 'Therapy used to be the closest you got to God'

ship to officer cadets, she found the meditation techniques of Eastern mysticism had grounded her own military skills. "I used to be more aggressive," she says. "Now, I'm a senior officer, but I say to my students I'm at their service." For years, she had kept her regular spiritual retreats largely to herself. But in a defence force increasingly assaulted by upheaval, Knackstedt has found fellow officers quietly inquiring about her pursuits or confiding their own meditation practices. "Even in the forces," she says, "at every level, people are questioning more and more."

Some blame it on millennial madness, a collective frisson at the year 2000 looming uncertainly ahead. Others point to the bulletins on the nightly newscasts, where the centre no longer seems to be holding. "It's a very frightening time we're in," says York University's Thompson. "Whether it's Rwanda, Bosnia or the ozone hole over Antarctica expanding, we're moving towards a shared sense of planetary crisis. And people are turning to anything—everything." But most attribute at least part of the urgency to unearth the Inner Self on that familiar arbiter of trends—demographics. "The baby boomers are being taken by the scruff of the neck and forced to face reality," says Harpur. Or, as Diane Eklebad, publicity director for Warner Books, puts it: "New Age meets middle age."

Melvin McLeod, editor of *Shambhala Sun*, a year-old glossy produced by students of the late Buddhist teacher Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche out of their international headquarters in Halifax, attributes the sudden trendiness of Buddhism and other Eastern spiritual paths to those sensations of mortality. "The baby boomers are trying to come to grips with death," he says. "Now, millions are grasping at spirituality to provide them with the psychological comfort that materialism has failed to."

But Toronto writer Sylvia Fraser, who wrote about her own metaphysical experiences in *The Book of Strange* two years ago, argues that the current quest is not so much another baby boom craze as a case of unfinished business. "In the Sixties, the revolution was both sexual and spiritual," she points out. "But the spiritual revolution was tied to drugs and it crashed. So most people took the cheap, fast sexual route." Now, after a decade of partying—and AIDS—the baby boomers, she says, "are going back to the other prong of the revolution." Mary Alice Comeau, a home-care co-ordinator who grew up in Barrie, north of Toronto, is one of them. "I dabbled in a lot of things, like drugs," she says. Then, a classmate introduced her to an ashram, where she found yoga brought "altered states of consciousness—just like used to come with drugs." It also restored another lost legacy of the Sixties—her idealism. Now, she teaches postures nights and weekends. "Yoga struck me as very pure, like music or art," she says. "And the purity made me think it was something worthwhile doing with my life."

Once, that quest for meaning might have found its way to a psychiatrist's couch. "Therapy used to be the old spiritualism," Fraser notes, "the closest you got to God." But even therapists report a growing disenchantment with traditional talk cures. In May, 180 psychiatrists and social workers turned up at Kripalu for a five-day conference called Psychotherapy and Spirituality. Among the star speakers was Marion Woodman, a Toronto analyst who has helped popularize the concepts of Swiss psychiatrist Carl Jung. "There's a big crisis in psychoanalysis and psychotherapy right now," she acknowledges. For Woodman, the sudden appeal of Jung's dream theories lies in the very reason he broke with his contemporary, Sigmund Freud. "Freud didn't have any time at all for spirit or the soul," she says. "But the whole meditative process is essential to being alive." Still, Woodman worries that the urgency behind the current angst has set a lot of seekers on a collision course with reality. "The New Age wants to fix things instantly," she points out. "They don't want to do any work. There's a tendency in this society to think you can go to a workshop and that's what will save you."

On a Wednesday night in The Omega Centre, Toronto's largest New Age bookstore, the aisles are jammed. Bureaucrats still clutching briefcases are cruising by the Color Bath crystals (blue promises "spaciousness, health, decisiveness") and brochures for such courses as Cynthia StarMaker's Star Shaman Training ("Connect with Your Sacred Animal"). And in the backroom conference centre, 60 people have paid $16 each for a session with trance-channeler Anne Morse. Sitting at the front in a demure linen dress with pearl earrings, Morse might pass for a corporate secretary, which in fact she once was. In those days, her idea of a psychological breakthrough was getting the confidence to snare a job selling ceramic kitchen tiles. But now Morse co-hosts *New Age Journal*, a live talk show on the Rogers community cable service, featuring psychics, astrologers and energy healers. And once a month, she sits in a high-backed swivel chair at the Omega, her eyes closed, tuning in to the messages of "5,000 to 6,000 interplanetary entities" that she calls the Transeekers.

"We of the federation of the intergalactic work together," she tells her audience in a sombre, vaguely British accent. "And we are willing to work with you." Later, she will announce that the transmission has come from "the spaceship that was hovering above this building—cloaked." But despite its departure, she stays in her trance to take questions from the audience. An elderly woman in denim asks solemnly if there are any extraterrestrials in the room. "There are," Morse intones. "From the Zeta-Reticuli Planet." An overweight teenager inquires if she has ever had any visits from outer space. Yes, Morse assures her. "From the Pleiades. However, there was not actual physical contact yet."

To an onlooker, the session might seem outlandish. But most of the audience is made up of middle-class regulars, some of whom have studied with Morse for two years. One of them, Bill Ingham, a 48-year-old former chartered accountant, has decided to launch his own channelling career. "Even five years ago, if you told me I'd be doing this, I would have been astonished," he says.

A decade ago, talk of energy vibes and channelled voices from the great beyond seemed the province of the few and the far-out—or Shirley MacLaine. But with ads for psychic hot lines proliferating on late-night TV and professionals jamming the waiting rooms of energy healers, it has gradually invaded the mainstream. During the 1991 Persian Gulf War, Toronto psychic Vincent Vanhmbeek found a run on his services. "My phone was inundated from soldiers who were stationed in the Middle East," he says. But Steven Kerzner, executive producer of *New Age Journal*, worries that "there's an absence of rules. It's just such a wide-open area, it's prone to abuse—and, unfortunately, some of the people who are going to get abused are the most vulnerable."

Still, Fraser, who explored that uncharted terrain where the psychic and the spiritual meet in *The Book of Strange*, cautions that science is increasingly confirming what was once thought weird. The experiments of particle physics have proved what Buddhist and Hindu sages have been asserting for 3,000 years: that the universe consists not of solid



PETER BREGG/MACLEAN'S

Turning to spirituality for the psychological assurances it materialism has failed to provide

On a recent weekend evening, some of them were being met in a frail, weathered barn outside Beaverton, an hour's drive north of Toronto. There, where the sunset glimmered through the knotholes and cracks like the shards of some shattered cathedral pane, two men and a dozen women had gathered for a week-long workshop called Care of the Soul. One, a divinity graduate named Anna White, had just withdrawn as a candidate for the United Church ministry because she felt the need to explore other spiritual pathways. "Spirituality is so much more than can be confined to any one religion or belief system," she said. Another, actress Theresa Puskar, had just broken with the Roman Catholic Church after hearing a letter from the city's archbishop asking parishioners to mobilize politicians against same-sex benefits. "It had no place in the church—nothing to do with spirituality," she raged. "And for me, it was the last straw." Puskar had spent the summer at her cottage "staring at sunsets, saying, 'There's my god!' " But she had come to the workshop for a week of yoga and psycho-spiritual exercises because, she said, 'I need soul. I need more substance in my life."

Joining them was May Janine Knackstedt, a lecturer at Kingston's Royal Military College, who had given up on Catholicism as a teenager in Montreal. But at a yoga class in her apartment complex, she discovered "the first taste of inner peace." Teaching ethics and leader



PHILIP CHAMPAGNE/CANAPRESS

Denise and Rex Inglis: shopping for crystals at Toronto's Omaga Centre (left): a sophisticated mix of Eastern mysticism and Western psychotherapy techniques

matter, but a vast dance of energy At the same time, research from the Harvard Mind/Body Clinic has shown how meditation and visualization can lower blood pressure or boost immunity—a claim long asserted by practitioners of the ancient Indian art of Ayurvedic medicine "Whether in science or medicine, gradually Western society has come to see that it's been based on an incomplete belief system," she says. "You have the East becoming more Western and the West becoming more Eastern."

Last year *The New England Journal of Medicine* reported that one-third of Americans acknowledged turning to alternative health practices. But not all of those disenchanted with modern medicine are patients. An estimated 30,000 North American nurses at least 500 of them in Ontario now employ therapeutic touch—which is not touch at all but an updated nonphysical version of the biblical laying on of hands based on the notion of a human energy field. Those numbers are no surprise to Norma Geddes, the Toronto-born director of nursing for women's health at the Medical College of Virginia Hospitals in Richmond, who has just embarked on an analysis of the practice as part of a PhD in nursing and spirituality "It's rather disillusioning to nurse people on machines," she says. "We've learned how to prolong life but, as schmaltzy as it sounds it isn't enough to look after the body without caring for the soul"

Even the corporate world is gingerly investigating the role of the inner voice In the boardroom of Market Street Investment House, a Toronto brokerage 30 stock analysts, scientists and assorted others gather once a month for a meeting of The Global Intuition Network Aner a



PETER BEGGS/MACLEAN'S

'There's a reaction against traditional religion'

Trance-channeler Morse: 'We of the federation of the intergalactic work together, and we are willing to work with you'

newspaper column on the group, organizer Bette Davies was swamped with queries from businessmen, including a top official from one of the country's leading banks. "We're all looking for a way to harness our hunches," she says "Is it our own inner knowing or is it something outside ourselves—a divinity?"

Others have stumbled on a glimpse of the divine on their way somewhere else More than a decade ago, the vocabulary of the contemplative life crept into the locker room and the sales conference rally In 1985, the Canadian Olympic ski team adopted visualization under Ottawa motivational coach Terry Orlick, whose answering machine urges callers to "live a few simple joys today" But at first, former world downhill champion Kate Pace admits she could not conjure up more than one turn Nine years later, she can walk a racing slope, and "feel every bump and bit of terrain in your own body before you've actually skied it Now, my visualization is so clear that I can sit in a chair in the middle of a summer and run any course through in my mind" Pace believes she helped heal her broken ankle eight weeks before the 1992 Albertville Olympics using that same mental power But it has also healed a wound far deeper, the legacy of three serious injuries "Visualization has allowed me to trust more" she says "If I free my mind and body to feel this flow, I can somehow trust that I'm going to be looked after I've just gone through a realization that there is a greater power"

For others the spiritual seareh began on the less perilous paths of the environmental movement. In fact, that eco-spirituality has sparked one of the bitterest debates in the Catholic Church. Conservatives have damned as pantheism the growing popularity of creation theology out lined by such thinkers as Father Thomas Berry of the Centre for Ecology and Spirituality in Port Burwell Ont. Berry's view of the cosmos as a divinely inspired energy field reconciles the battle between scientists and those who cling to a literal reading of the Genesis story But last year, the Vatican defrocked another star of creation theology, California Dominican priest Matthew Fox.

Through the environmental movement, too, the sacred rites of North America's First Nations have suddenly found themselves treated with trendy reverence In Toronto, Oriah Mountain Dreamer, a blond mother of two who was born Debra Anne House, has held regular sweat lodges in her midtown backyard for non-native women, some of them suburban housewives For some aboriginal leaders, that expropriation seems a cruel irony "It's going way beyond tolerance," says Clifford Summers, executive director of Toronto's Aboriginal Legal Services. But Dave Courchene, the Manitoba shaman whose visions are featured in Harry Rasky's *Prophecy*, disagrees. Says Courchene "If our way can help in the process of people finding themselves, so be it"

In her just-published book *The Way of the Earth* New York City-based author Teri McLuhan examines the sense of transcendent nature shared by six indigenous cultures And she sees the current celebration of native spirituality as a "search for interconnectedness." With many on that search sampling from a smorgasbord of beliefs that range from Buddhism to Jung's notions of the soul, she points out that "the new spirituality is the old spirituality It's the golden thread that you can trace back and link with the Vedic tradition in India which is 5,000 years old. And they're all saying the same thing"

Toronto literary agent Lucinda Vardey discovered that notion the hard way. Several years ago, a thyroid tumor not only put her health in question but precipitated a dark night of the soul for which she found her lifelong Catholicism scant comfort. Then, she began yoga, which led her to Buddhism, which in turn led to fasting and psychotherapy. Although Vardey had written a book on the Catholic Church, she had never considered herself a religious person "And then the miracles started happening," she says She found a renewed faith in the church, and at a dinner for other singles interested in the spiritual life, she met John Dalla Costa, an ex-seminarian who quit his own advertising agency in 1992 for a similar interfaith itinerary They plan to marry this month in her 11 room farmhouse in Tuscany, Italy, which she hopes to turn into a spiritual retreat And Vardey has just launched the New Agency, to represent spiritually inclined books, including her own upcoming anthology, *God in All Worlds* "I feel I'm very much part of something that's bigger than the baby boom," she says, "part of this evolutionary time—this heaving mass of change"

In fact like most of those who have written on the subject, Vardey believes that, at the very moment when contemporary life appears to be coming apart at the seams, her own transformation is just one of many that heralds a shift of consciousness, and a new age of spirituality Over the centuries, skeptics note that such predictions have repeatedly turned to dust But then as Albert Einstein, a scientist who defied the skeptics—and accidentally stumbled on spiritual awe—once pointed out "The universe is stranger than we imagine" □

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Strong with representatives of the Baca's religious communities: while Maurice Strong has jetted around, warning of an environmental apocalypse, his wife has been working with equal fervor, fighting spiritual oblivion

ONE WOMAN'S SACRED GROUND

On a Colorado mountainside, Hanne Strong is creating a unique spiritual community

The sunrise was just beginning to explode over the Colorado range that the Spanish conquistadors named Sangre de Cristo, the Blood of Christ, riddling the sky with rivulets of luminous crimson. But in tiny Crestone, a defunct gold-mining town nestled on its slopes 125 km southwest of Colorado Springs, life was already unfolding at its usual pace. Deer ambled across the main thoroughfare, Alder Street, which winds past the hamlet's four stores and smack into the Rio Grande National Forest. And at the Road Kill Cafe, where hikers were exchanging news of the latest bear and cougar sightings, Jack, the cook, was proudly announcing: "This place is the end of the road and the middle of nowhere."

Or at least it was. Now, two cheeky signs over the counter poke fun at the spiritual thrill-seekers who have taken to descending on Crestone. "Auras buffed" and "So many false gods, so little time." Across the street at Twenty First Amendment Liquors, proprietor Katie Snider grumbled: "It's getting so we're overwhelmed with people. All they want to know is what street the monastery is on and where's Shirley MacLaine." MacLaine has not been seen in these parts since 1990, when the local populace of 60 made it clear that they would not exactly welcome the 3,000 New Agers she hoped to draw to a prospective centre on her 180-acre plot. As for the monastery, sometimes Snider gives directions, but more often she remains protective about the reason pilgrims are flocking to this remote village. Here, the gilded domes and spires of a unique spiritual community aimed at gathering the world's major religions in one place, are rising above the awesome landscape.

That quixotic—and some say quirky—experiment is the singular vision of Hanne Strong, the striking Danish-born wife of Ontario Hydro's controversial chairman, the man who played godfather to the 1992 Rio Earth Summit. For the past two decades, while Maurice Strong has jetted around the globe, warning of an environmental apocalypse and presiding over United Nations conferences, his wife has been working with equal fervor to hedge against spiritual oblivion. To that end, on a 200 000-acre tract of ranch land known as the Baca, she has assembled a disparate flock. At the end of one tortuously rutted mountain road, the spare precision of an airy pine *zendo*, or meditation hall, has tatami mat-space for as many as 49 Buddhists who come to train at the feet of U.S. Zen master Richard Baker-Roshi. Once abbot of the continent's largest Buddhist community in San Francisco, he became a 1970s media star for his influence over former California governor Jerry Brown. But six years ago, Baker Roshi moved to the Baca to establish his Crestone Mountain Zen Center. "There's no place in the world

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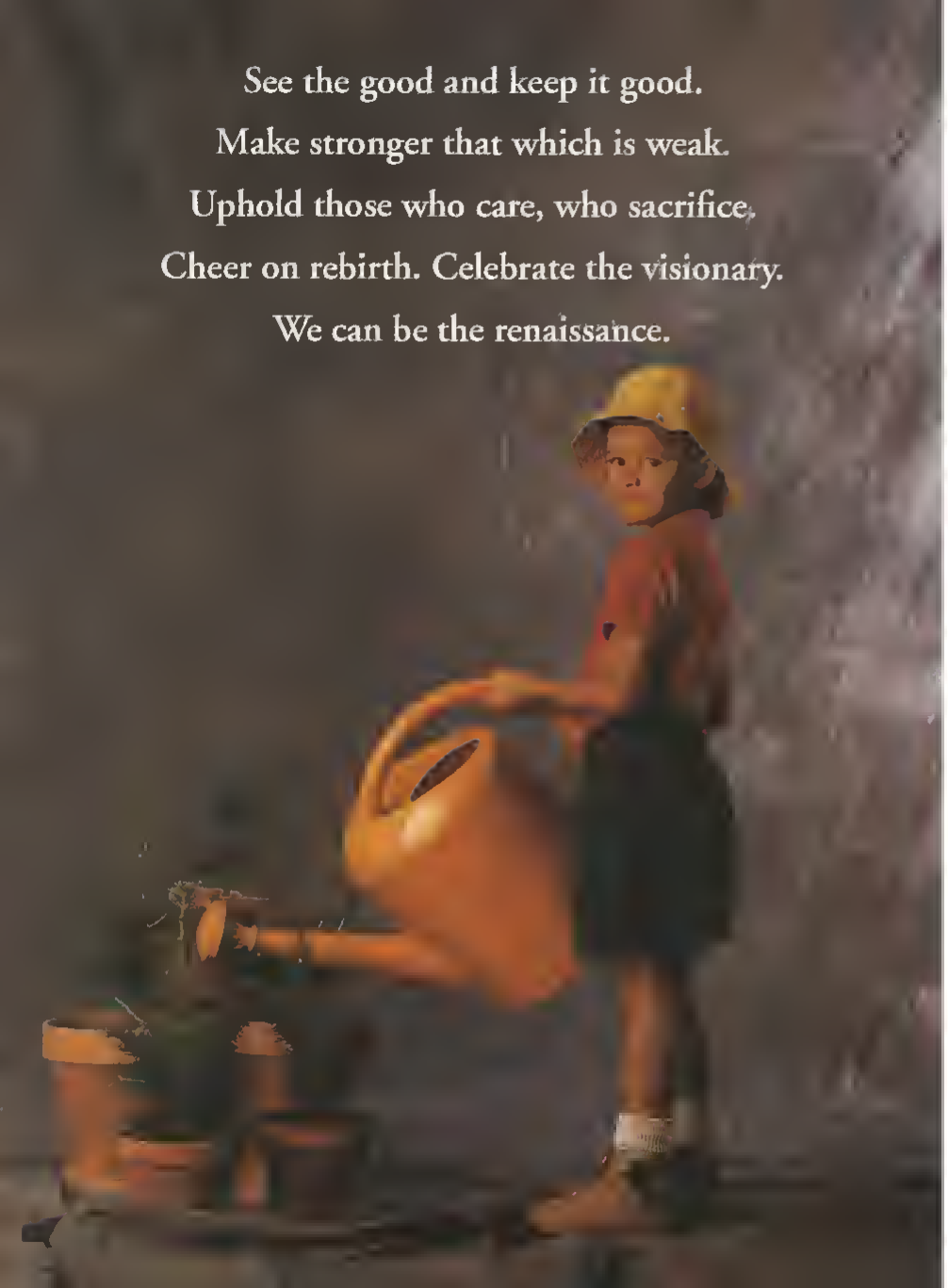
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RAPHAEL GAILLARDE/GAMMA/LIAISON

where there are so many different religions represented," he says. "Really, it's Hanne's vision. None of us would be here without her."

Below, in a desert hollow, a mystical breakaway order of Carmelites called the Spiritual Life Institute has built an elegantly stark monastery, offering retreats for silent contemplation in hermitages scattered among the tumbleweed. Inside, where photos show the order's woodsy sister community near Kemptville, N.S., a sign over the library door cautions: "All who enter here—no fuss." These days, the retreat's waiting lists are full, as are its Sunday masses where the sermon is delivered by prioress Sister Sharon Doyle. A Cape Breton native, she ran a restaurant before donning the Carmelites' brown habit 16 years ago. "We say action without contemplation is blind," Doyle explains. "You have to explore the deeps."

Miles above, on a 50-acre plateau below Kit Carson peak, young American disciples of the late Indian guru known as Babaji throw open the doors of their gold-and-adobe-domed temple every dawn and dusk for *aarati*—the Hindu ritual of swooping candles and Sanskrit chants that salutes the passing of the light. In saris and shaved heads, they garland the white alabaster statue of Muru, the Divine Mother, with fresh flowers, under the watchful gaze of Paramananda, a 56-year-old blond with a mantra on her car's rear window. Born in Lethbridge, Alta., she spent much of her earlier life as Lucy Hill, the wife of a top IBM executive, doing the cocktail circuit in Ottawa and New York City. But after discovering yoga, she found her way through countless gurus to Babaji's ashram in Haidakhan on the Indian slopes of the Himalayas. When he died in 1984, fellow disciples invited her to Colorado for a commemorative service and she never left. Now, she tends Strong's seed banks, where she collects and catalogues rare plant strains. "This place is the great teacher," she says, recounting the harsh winters and relentless mosquitoes that have tested lesser resolves. "There's nothing here that isn't intense."

In the beginning, there was only the land—a vast stretch of San Luis Valley scrub that Maurice Strong had acquired in 1976, sight unseen, in a typically convoluted takeover deal. When Strong stepped into the hemorrhaging Arizona-Colorado Land and Cattle Co. (AZL), promptly buying out Saudi arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi, he planned to set up his headquarters in Phoenix, Ariz. But Hanne took one look at the city and said she could not live there. "No spirit," she says. The fact that Maurice Strong bowed to her verdict may help describe a 23-year relationship that has confounded all but their closest friends and families. Both mavericks with a stubborn will and a determined sense of mission, no matter how contentious, they met in New York in 1971 shortly after she narrowly escaped injury from a rock rolling off a Manhattan balcony. "I went right upstairs and dedicated my life to God," she says. Introduced to Strong at a dinner party, she opened the repartee by noting that she had heard he was either a genius or a fake. Two decades later, their running joke is that she is still trying to figure out the answer.

At the time, Hanne was already divorced, the mother of two girls and a successful interior designer; his marriage was unravelling. On a press pass, she had followed him to the first UN environmental conference in Stockholm, then to its program headquarters in Kenya, where she had won a UN design contract. Ever since her childhood in Copenhagen, where her parents were hunted by the Nazis for spiriting Jews out of the country during the war, Hanne Marstrand had dreamed of living with North American natives. "I read *The Last of the Mohicans*," she says, "and I just knew they were my people." In 1976, when Strong moved to Calgary to set up Petro-Canada for Pierre Trudeau, she stepped off the plane and went straight to the nearest reserve. Within months, she had become one of the main supporters of Chief Robert Smallboy, who had led a band of Cree from the Hobbema Reserve south of Edmonton back to the wilderness to relearn their ancient spiritual practices. She credits his medicine ceremonies with curing her youngest daughter, Suzanne, of cancer.

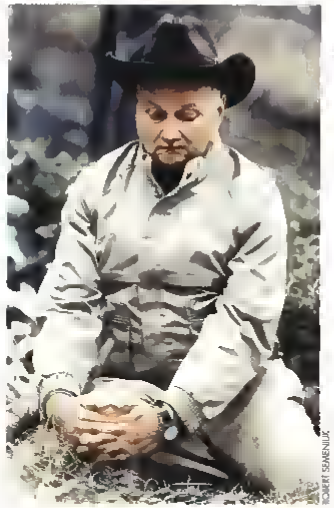
But Hanne Strong is not above plying her own brand of miracle. Before Trudeau patriated the Constitution from Britain in 1982, she introduced Smallboy to London religious leaders and the press in a drive to win the inclusion of native rights. When Maurice Strong refused to arrange a meeting for Smallboy with Pope John Paul II, she wangled one herself. They flew off to Rome, leaving her husband in London to field an irate call from the prime minister, demanding what they were up to. She hoots at the memory. "Maurice said, 'Well, we're just hosting our Indian friends!'"

Smallboy was not the only metaphysical messenger in Alberta. Soon after her arrival, a dozen Tibetan Lamas landed at the Strongs' ranch. By the end of their week-long stay, Hanne's youngest sister, Marianne, then 17, and most of her family had converted to Buddhism. Right there, in the living-room in Mirlarville, Alta., with the Tibetan drum songs wafting over the foothills, they had held the initiation rites known as taking refuge. Now, she and her husband

meditate every morning upon waking, although, she notes, "Maurice meditates out of a Christian tradition."

And what did his Alberta oil associates think of all the exotic goings-on? "Odd!" she erupts in her raucous Earth Mother laugh. "They thought I was very odd. They were probably saying, 'Poor Maurice.'"

Having vetoed Phoenix, Hanne Strong found herself on a jet tour of AZL's other real estate. As soon as she glimpsed the stark beauty beyond the company's failed Crestone retirement village, she announced that she was home. "I just felt that I'd been here before," she says. On the next flight in, a Ute Indian spiritual leader told her that his ancestors had called the place the Bloodless Valley, because no wars had ever been fought there. The Hopi had used it only for sacred ceremonies. Three months after her arrival in 1978, as she tells it, a wild-haired 80-year-old named Glenn Anderson, dubbed "the Prophet" by the locals, knocked on her ranch house door with the words: "So you've finally come." He proceeded to spell out a vision he had received, she says, that a woman like her would preserve all the world's faiths in the valley against some imminent doomsday.



Maurice Strong gave the news short shrift. He had already persuaded his multimillionaire friends from the energy business to set up a branch of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies in the Baca. But with Henry Kissinger and former U.S. secretary of defence Robert McNamara jetting into the valley not far from NORAD's underground bunkers in Colorado Springs, rumors mushroomed that Strong and his pals were plotting to take over the world from their secret mountain stronghold. Finally, the Baca proved too controversial and remote for the institute's glitterati, who packed up for Maryland. But by then, Strong had experienced his own epiphany. When TV commentator Bill Moyers came to speak to the Aspen board, they had gone hiking in the Sangre de Cristos. Suddenly, in front of them, a bush had mysteriously burst into flame. "Bill Moyers still talks about it," Hanne notes. "He says it's the only mystical experience he's ever had."

the $1.2 million from the water company settlement and annual $100,000 donations from philanthropist Laurance Rockefeller, gives the land away to any group that can articulate a serious spiritual mission. On 200 acres high among the junipers and ponderosa pine, her sister Marianne's Buddhist group, disciples of the XVIth Gyalwa Karmapa, one of the four lineages of Tibetan Buddhism, have spent the past five years building a 41-foot concrete Stupa, a ceremonial prayer tower. A Tibetan High Lama came to Crestone and walked the mountains in his flowing scarlet robes to select the precise location. "All the Lamas love it here," says Marstrand, who was once married to the Karmapa's translator, "because it reminds them of Tibet."

Boulder's Buddhist college, the Naropa Institute, plans to build a satellite campus on another Baca grant. And emissaries of the exiled Dalai Lama have inquired about acreage. In August, Prince Charles picked up the tab for a summer school on sacred design in the Baca run by Keith Critchlow, director of the Prince of Wales's Institute of Architecture in London. If his patron proves willing, Critchlow plans to found a permanent school for sacred architecture in the valley. Strong still hopes mystical Jews, Muslims and Sufis will materialize on the plots she has pencilled in for them on her master plan, which was once entitled The Refuge for World Truths. But that name conjured up notions of survivalists such as Elizabeth Clare Prophet and her gun-toting army currently digging into the Montana mountains, so Strong changed it to A Place of the Heart. Still, intimations of a coming armageddon hover over her scheme. She confides that both native shamans and Glenn Anderson have predicted a conflagration that the valley would survive. "If you look at it, we have an economy based on destroying everything—the earth, the water, the sun," she says. "We're going to have to pay up."

Not that her vision has unrolled this far without incident. A Sioux writer hijacked one $91,000 grant for a native medicine centre to start her own newspaper. And currently, the Manitou Foundation is low on funds: last year, a substantial part of its $1.2-million budget

'This isn't enlightenment in a weekend for $495'

By the early 1980s, Strong had discovered that the Baca sat on the continent's largest underground freshwater reserves, and, through the American Water Development Co., he and his partners prepared to cash in. Hanne never cheered them on. "I said 'No way they're ever going to get a drop of water out of here,'" she recalls. "There is a curse on this place...no one can ever make a penny out of it." That notion might have helped her husband avoid a bitter faceoff, first with local environmentalists then, when he switched sides, with his own partners, that ended with Strong selling his shares but somehow retaining royalty rights to the water.

Strong meditating: a relationship which has confounded all but their closest friends

Last spring, his wife added her own weight to the valley's curse in an attempt to stop Challenger Gold, a subsidiary of Toronto's Goldcorp Inc., from drilling in a nearby mountainside; she staged a one-woman sit-in on the site. And she reports astounding Toronto gold-mining tycoon Peter Munk at a dinner party with the warning that native prophecy decreed no man could take anything out of the earth without putting something back. On such occasions, Maurice Strong tends to ask someone to pass the salt. "Now that," she chuckles, "is where we have our divergences."

From her airy solar-powered adobe house, where assorted grandchildren, her own and others, whoop past the wooden statue of St. Francis of Assisi on the front porch and the stone Buddha out back, Hanne Strong still works at turning Glenn Anderson's vision into bricks and mortar. The Strongs' Manitou Foundation, set up six years ago and financed chiefly by came from award money Maurice Strong had won after the Rio conference from the likes of Greece's Aristotle Onassis Foundation.

Now, newcomers are flocking to Crestone on the wave of the new spiritual tide washing over mainstream America. But having helped persuade her pal Shirley MacLaine that her planned New Age centre would overtax both Crestone's serenity and its sewer system—prompting MacLaine to transfer her vision to 7,000 acres near Abiquiu, north of Sante Fe, N.M.—Strong still has nightmares of the Baca metamorphosing into another New Age mecca. "We're not New Age," she says. "We're old age; we're talking about preserving 2,000-year-old traditions. This isn't enlightenment in a weekend for $495."

Four years ago, when a group moved into Crestone with plans to raise a 46-storey pyramid of pink granite, Strong drew the line. So did most of the community. Even here, where people routinely talk of past lives and prophetic visions, jaws dropped in the town hall when the pyramid representative confided she was merely following orders from her intergalactic leader, Commander Kuthumi, who was channelling directly from the planet Arturus into her home computer. Quietly, Crestone officials passed a height-restriction bylaw that precluded Commander Kuthumi's designs. "We're a pretty tolerant community," says Margot Wilhams, a botanist who runs the florist/gift shop. "But even we have our limits."

MARCI McDONALD

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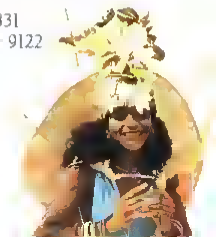
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CELESTINE PROPHET

James Redfield's spiritual thriller is this year's most unlikely best-seller

A mysterious force has blocked the phone lines for half an hour, stalling a scheduled long distance interview. But when James Redfield finally answers at his beach house near Destin on Florida's Gulf coast, he is philosophical. "I guess it needed to be delayed," he says in his careful Alabama drawl. For the author of *The Celestine Prophecy*, the spiritual thriller that has been ensconced at the top of *The New York Times* best-seller list since last spring, there are no accidents or coincidences—least of all the fact that his first attempt at fiction has become this year's most unlikely publishing phenomenon. "We felt it would really appeal to people who had been on a spiritual search," he says. "But the surprising thing is that so many people are interested in matters of the soul. That is the shift that's going on."

An accumulation of coincidences is in fact the first clue that something is up in Redfield's mystical whodunit about an ancient Peruvian manuscript chronicling nine insights into a new cosmic consciousness. The narrator—a frustrated former youth counsellor, like Redfield himself—sets off to Lima in pursuit of the rumored text. Along the way he is shot at by shadowy government agents, chased through the rain forest by the Peruvian army and thrown into jail by an autocratic cardinal who fears the insights will undermine the Church's authority. Despite that melodrama and one chaste kiss, the "adventure," as Redfield terms it, reads more like a how-to manual for attaining self-fulfilment and a kind of eco-spiritual rapture. Written largely in a Birmingham Waffle House restaurant, where he could keep his prospective audience in mind, the book in fact, started out as a nonfiction stew of New Age lore and psychotherapy. Critics have lambasted the prose as leaden and the message as "sound-bite spirituality." But the *Prophecy*'s success provides a convenient illustration of insight number 7. No matter what anybody says, heed your own dreams.



JIM MCHUGH/OUTLINE

Redfield (left), Merrill: Warner Books paid $1 million for rights to the melodramatic, mystical whodunit

Certainly from the first, Redfield's manuscript seemed bedeviled by a distinct lack of good omens. After growing up amid the Methodist revival meetings of Alabama's rural Shelby County and working with disturbed youth for 15 years, Redfield quit his job to write the book. "At least, I was trying to get it out on paper," he says. "But I was kind of stuck." Then, he went to Sedona, north of Flagstaff, Ariz., where New Age pilgrims flock to the four "energy vortexes," or power spots, among its stark sienna outcroppings. Redfield likes to recount how he sprained his ankle during a temper tantrum over his hotel accommodations, only to have it healed at the airport vortex. Two days later, a crow guided him to a personal power spot—and a personal epiphany. "A lot of very mystical things happened to me in Sedona," he says. "But it's important for people to know there are power spots in every country—especially in Canada."

Still, three publishers flatly rejected his manuscript and even well-wishers hedged their enthusiasm. Marilyn McGuire, a former Birmingham bank official who now heads the New Age Publishers and Retailers Association, admits that she diplomatically "offered to get one of my editors to rewrite it, but bless his heart, James stuck to his guns." Two years ago, Redfield set up Satori Publishing, named after a Zen term for instant enlightenment, and sank his life savings of $18,000 into printing 3,000 copies. Then, he and his second wife, Salle Merrill, drove across the south and west, peddling the paperback to New Age bookstores out of the trunk of their Honda. He had already sold more than 100,000 copies by the time Warner Books heard about the self-published hit last November and offered Redfield $1 million for the rights. In the seven months since the hard cover hit mainstream markets, Warner has sold 1.5 million more, with a movie deal on the horizon.

Even Redfield confesses that his success has been "awing." But at 44, the father of two finds himself a reluctant prophet of the new spiritual renaissance. "I don't want to be a symbol for what's going on," he says. "What we're talking about is an individual approach to spirituality." He has largely ducked the talk-show circuit for seclusion aboard his 18-foot Hobie Cat skimming the Florida waves. And behind the "No Trespassing" sign on the gate to his Birmingham country house, he still rises at 6 a.m. to meditate and practise a private version of t'ai chi before settling down to write his sequel, *The Tenth Insight*, due out next year. "There's probably going to be a total of 12 insights before everything's over," he says.

Ironically, Redfield hunts that his stubborn faith in his literary mission may have helped provoke the breakup of his first marriage. But two years ago, with the manuscript almost finished, he sauntered into a Unity Church in Birmingham, where Merrill, a former massage therapist, happened to be visiting her mother. Despite *The Celestine Prophecy*'s warnings not to rush into romance, they were married within a year. Explains Redfield: "Bells and whistles definitely went off." Now, Merrill is launching a tape of the Celestine Meditations she leads during his speeches, and they have set up a foundation to tithe 10 per cent of their newfound wealth to charity. Says Redfield in a helpful hint to readers: "Giving away money is a very important ingredient in making your dreams come true."

MARCI McDONALD

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Over the Tropic of Cancer, as seen from the Airbus A340 en route from Frankfurt to Rio de Jan



Zingg in Pygmalion: refined passion

PAUL M. WALSH

Baroquely beautiful

Opera Atelier is winning renown for its revival of a near-dead art

It was an art form that flowered in the royal courts of Europe more than 200 years ago. And, as befits a diversion for the idle rich, baroque opera was characterized by lavish costumes, graceful movement, ornate music and an aura of luxury and pleasure. The genre fell out of favor with the advent of the French Revolution. But recently in a Toronto church basement, a tall man in shorts and a ripped T-shirt was leading two other performers in the sweeping, stylized gestures of baroque opera. To the stately jangle of a harpsichord, Marshall Pynkoski was conducting a rehearsal of Henry Purcell's 1689 opera *Dido and Aeneas*. He raised his arms and chanted, "To the *hills* and the *vales*, to the *rocks* and the *mountains*"—while Linda Maguire and Brett Polegato, the Canadians singing the title roles, executed courtly dance steps. Toronto's Opera Atelier is highly unusual in that it is run by an ex-dancer (Pynkoski) and a dancer (his wife, Jeannette Zingg). It specializes in works of the 17th- to mid-18th-century baroque period, whose elegance and refined passion is now attracting a growing following. And in recent years, Opera Atelier's rising reputation has led to collaborations with such internationally renowned artists as soprano Dame Kiri Te Kanawa.

The company's ninth season, which opens on Sept. 28 with a four-performance run of *Dido and Aeneas* at The MacMillan Theatre in Toronto, will include a trip to Texas—and two French connections. *Dido* is Opera Atelier's first co-production with the Houston Grand Opera. And the instrumentalists for all performances will be the acclaimed Les Musiciens du Louvre from Paris. Meanwhile, Opera Atelier has received a welcome nod of recognition: Fondation Paribas, the philanthropic agency of a Parisian banking firm, has given the company $110,000 to produce *Dido and Aeneas* and take it on tour. "It's the largest sponsorship Paribas has ever made to an arts organization," marvels Pynkoski, "and the first time they have ever sponsored a group outside of France." Next season, the production will travel to Paris and London.

Opera Atelier represents a case of the New World helping the old one to reclaim a tradition that was almost lost. Toronto native Pynkoski and Swiss-born Zingg now frequently teach at the Centre for Baroque Music at Versailles. Marc Minkoski, conductor of Les Musiciens and music director at Versailles, praises the Canadians' ability to stage baroque works in "a very modern, inventive and immediate way" that still manages to be faithful to the conventions of the period. Notes Zingg: "Baroque operas have highly dramatic plots that should be emphasized, not played down." *Dido and Aeneas*, for instance, is about a torrid, forbidden affair between royals that ends with a death. All too often, Pynkoski says, the opera is so decorously staged that mighty Dido, Queen of Carthage, comes across as "this milksop slowly moaning away." He promises that Opera Atelier's Dido will be "a queen who has humiliated herself and is *furious*."

Pynkoski and the willowy Zingg fell in love with baroque music about 15 years ago when they were working as independent dancers in Toronto. They gradually became aware of a wealth of ballet and opera music that had been stamped out during the French Revolution, and in the early 1980s the couple spent a year in Paris researching baroque performance. After their return to Toronto, they founded Opera Atelier, as well as establishing the Atelier Ballet School.

In recent years, Opera Atelier has been moving beyond the boundaries of baroque repertoire. With its imaginative productions of *The Magic Flute* in 1991 and *The Marriage of Figaro* in 1992, it proved that it could handle Mozart works as well—or better—than much larger mainstream companies. Later this year, it will present *Mozart's Magic Fantasy*, a children's opera based on the popular *Magic Flute*-inspired Classical Kids recording. The opera company's most unconventional project to date has been *The Sorceress*, a 1993 film that starred New Zealand's Te Kanawa, Britain's Christopher Hogwood and his Academy of Ancient Music, and Atelier Ballet dancers. Produced by Toronto's Rhombus Media, it wove Handel excerpts into a narrative about a darkly magical court world.

Despite all its artistic successes, Opera Atelier has suffered some nail-biting times in recent years. In 1992, a financial crisis nearly sank the company, and since then it has been grappling with a $200,000 debt. Its annual budget hovers around $900,000—less than what large companies often spend on a single production. But the gorgeously costumed presentations always look expensive. Pynkoski notes that, despite financial restraints, the company's designers are "every bit as maniacal about attention to detail as we are."

Part of the attraction of working with Opera Atelier, especially for singers, is the chance to collaborate with people who know a great deal about movement. Polegato, a 25-year-old Niagara Falls native who was the company's Figaro two years ago, says he learned to be more at ease with his body. "I find that I'm more at home onstage now." Like all multidisciplinary arts, baroque opera is difficult to master, but when everything comes together, the results can be sublime. There is a line in the *Dido and Aeneas* libretto that could serve as Opera Atelier's mission statement. "Let the triumph of love and of beauty be shown."

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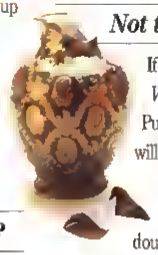
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PEOPLE

THE SINGING MAJOR

It must be hard enough for **Sarah, the Duchess of York**, to be the subject of incessant gossip in the tabloids. But from her own father? Last week, 63-year-old **Ronald Ferguson**, ex-army officer and former polo manager to **Prince Charles**, went public about his daughter's marriage to **Prince Andrew**. In an autobiography serialized last week in the London tabloid *Daily Mail*, Ferguson claims that Sarah and Andrew, legally separated since 1993, are on the verge of a reconciliation. Accusing Buckingham Palace courtiers—"more snobbish than even the most aloof members of the Royal Family"—of trying to sabotage the marriage, Ferguson writes in *The Galloping Major*: "I believe Sarah does love Andrew, and he'd have her back tomorrow." But rival tabloids are having none of it. The *Sun* quoted Sarah as saying, "'I am very disappointed in my father.'" And *The Daily Express* responded with a report that Sarah and Andrew are about to divorce. Which raises the question: will they, or won't they?



DAVID FISHER/PONOPRESSE

Andrew, Fergie: reconciliation?



BARRATT/RETNA/PONOPRESSE

Robertson: 'It's like medicine for my soul'

TAPPING THE ROOTS

When **Robbie Robertson** was asked to produce a sound track for a six-hour U.S. documentary called *The Native Americans*, it allowed the former leader of **The Band** to tap into his own native roots. Robertson's mother is a Mohawk and, as a youth, the Toronto-born musician spent summers on the Six Nations reserve near Brantford, Ont. His experiences there, he says, inspired some of his songs on the sound track album. "I began rediscovering all sorts of things—stories I'd heard, melodies, chants," Robertson adds. And it triggered in the Los Angeles resident a discovery of native spiritualism. "I've started going into the desert, to a few nearby sacred places. It's like a medicine for my soul." But then, he adds, "I don't want to sound too New Agey about this—it's not like I've started running around waving feathers at everybody. But I do feel quite comfortable in that world."

FOR THE LOVE OF THE GAME

She does not make the big money that a **Dawn Coe-Jones** or a **Nancy Lopez** does. She plays her sport for the pure joy of it. But at 60, **Marlene Stewart Streit**, from Stouffville, Ont., is still the cream of women's golf. On Sept. 24, she won the U.S. senior women's amateur championship by defeating American **Nancy Fitzgerald** in a dramatic playoff in St. Simons Island, Ga. Streit birdied the par-5 18th to secure her third U.S. national title—the only Canadian golfer ever to do so. Last week, she travelled to Versailles, France, to support the Canadians competing in the Women's World Amateur Team Championship, all at her own expense. Just one example of how Streit's dedication to the game has made her a legend in women's golf.

TALES TOLD OUT OF COURT

With a nod to Shakespeare, **William Deverell** has chosen a provocative title for his latest novel, *Kill All the Lawyers*, a bitingly funny whodunit revolving around the serial murders of Vancouver legal eagles. But the 57-year-old author does not stop there. Many of the characters—philandering and cocaine-snorting attorneys, corrupt judges—are drawn from his own three decades on the bar in Vancouver. "I'm waiting for lawyers to get outraged and sue me or seek injunctions," says Deverell, who quit law in 1989. "I'll just wear a bullet-proof vest for a while." Now based in Toronto as chair of the Writer's Union of Canada, Deverell is already working on his next novel, a look back at the characters he developed for the CBC TV series *Street Legal*. Although he created the show, writing the pilot and the first episode, Deverell says that it did not turn out as planned. "My idea, as you can tell by the title, was a storefront firm with legal-aid type lawyers, not the glitz and yuppiness of what turned out," he says. But in the upcoming book—"*Street Legal: The Beginning*," he calls it—the cast will be more down-to-earth. "They fart and they swear and they spit," he says. "They're even allowed to smoke."



ROB CHABO

Deverell: waiting for the outrage

Edited by **JOE CHIDLEY**

History's scourge

The world reacts to a plague that has killed scores in India

After six months of eager anticipation—and weeks of worry—Toronto social services volunteer Veda Rangan made a difficult decision last week. She indefinitely postponed a five-week trip back to her native India because of a deadly epidemic of the plague. Rangan, 50, who moved to Canada in 1972, has spoken frequently on the telephone with family members who still live in India and who, until last week, had told her not to be unduly concerned. But then, the plague, which can be transmitted among humans by coughing and sneezing, spread beyond the western port city of Surat where it originated—and her family suggested she stay home. "I'm heartbroken," says Rangan. "But I was also a little apprehensive. Anything airborne has no barriers."

That is exactly what worries the rest of the world. Some countries, including Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, banned all flights to and from India. Many others, including Canada and the United States, stepped up health screening at airports and announced that all travellers with such symptoms as fever, coughing, nausea and vomiting will be quarantined. "There is a lot of panic," says Dr. Patricia Daly, associate director of epidemiology at the British Columbia Centre of Disease Control in Vancouver. "A lot of aircraft land here from India, and people are phoning us with questions." In Toronto, eight immigration officers walked off the job when an Air India plane carrying 320 passengers arrived from New Delhi, the Indian capital. After Labor Canada ordered the officers back to work, they returned wearing gloves and masks. Air Canada has also provided surgical masks for employees on international flights and, at the weekend, suspended its flights to and from Delhi.



REUTER

A family leaving Surat: an overburdened public-health system

That reaction is conditioned by the plague's horrific past. Known as the Black Death when it came to Europe in 1348, it killed at least 25 million people there in three years, a third of the continent's population. By the end of last week, the unofficial death count in India stood at 300 and health officials reported that more than 2,500 others were probably infected. Confirmed cases of the bacterial infection had spread nearly 1,000 km from Surat to New Delhi. Fears that it would continue on overseas increased when eight people in Britain developed flu-like symptoms after apparently visiting India, five did not have the disease, while test results were pending for the other three.

Still, many health officials and medical authorities say there is little risk of the plague epidemic spreading widely abroad. Dr. David Colby, chief of the microbiology division at University Hospital in London, Ont., notes that the conditions that are a breeding ground for the disease in India—including overcrowding, poor sanitation and an overburdened public health system—are not prevalent in North America. "We could see a few imported cases here," Colby says. "We are not going to see an epidemic." Antibiotics to treat the plague are widely available in Canada, and while many disease organisms have adapted and become resistant to antibiotics, the plague—so far—remains responsive. "If people are treated early enough," says Colby, "nobody needs to die."

The word "plague" is often used to describe any widespread pestilence with a high death rate, but plague is also a specific disease. It usually stays within the small-mammal population, particularly rats. However, the plague bacillus, *Yersinia pestis*, can be transmitted to humans by the bite of infected fleas. (In Surat, the rat population rose after monsoons flooded parts of the city last year.) Once a person is infected, the bacilli invade the lymph nodes where they form bubos—pus-filled sacs that can reach the size of grapefruits. In addition to its bubonic form, the plague can strike the lungs, resulting in pneumonic plague that can be spread from human to human by respiratory secretions. There is also septicemic plague, which invades the bloodstream. Indian officials have reported cases of all three forms. If untreated, bubonic plague kills more than half its victims in four to six days; the other forms are nearly always fatal if untreated.

In a century of astonishing medical advances, including vaccinations to prevent some diseases and antibiotics to treat others, the plague can seem like an anachronism. But doctors say infectious diseases are always lurking—and likely always will be. Although Canada's last known case of the plague occurred in the 1930s in Alberta, there were 10 plague deaths last year in the western United States. That number is typical. Colby says that the plague has been entrenched in American rodent populations since rats escaped ships docked at Southern California ports a century ago. Epidemiologist Daly says that people's expectations of science may be too high. "People think that we should be able to control all infectious diseases, but they are remarkably hardy organisms," she says. "Even illnesses that we have largely been able to eliminate, such as tuberculosis and malaria, have become resistant to antibiotics." As the Indian plague epidemic has shown, a medieval scourge can still be a modern menace.

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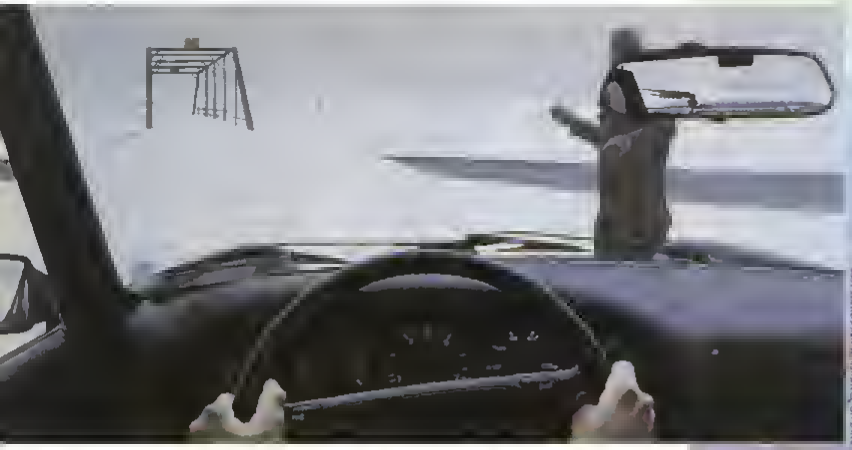


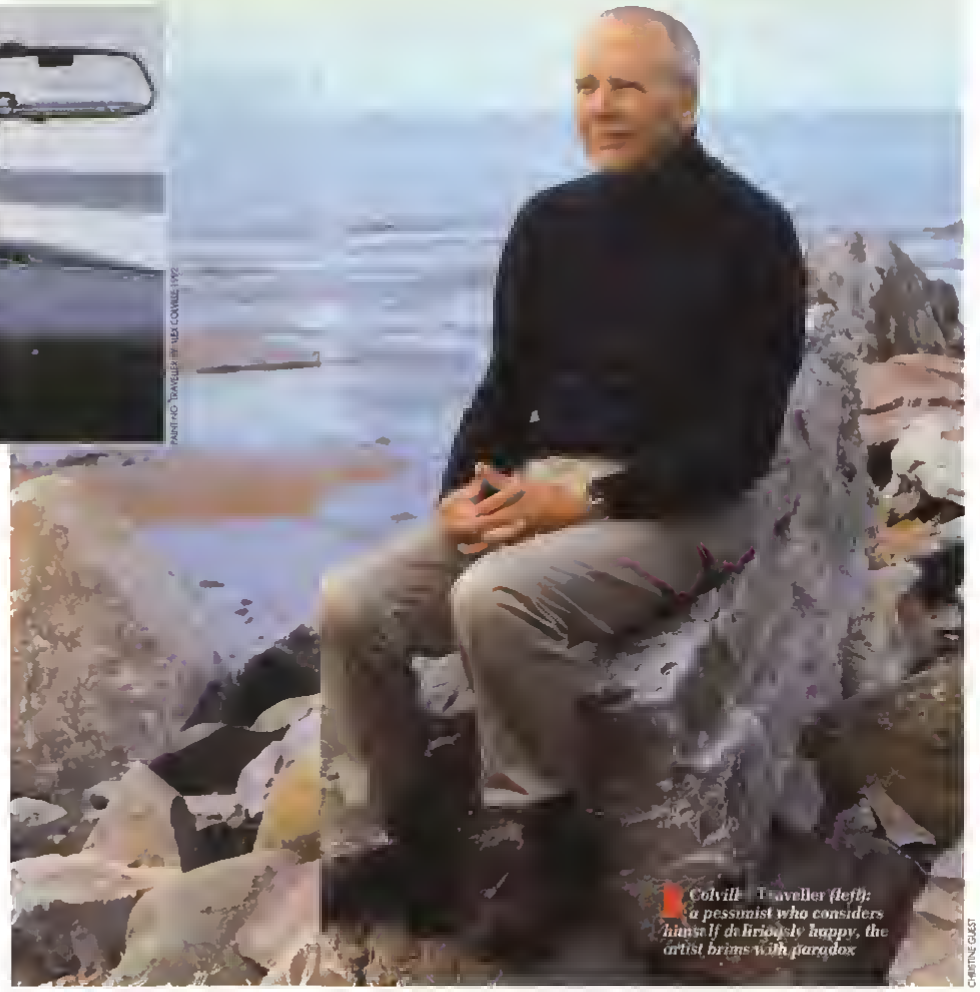


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Colville Traveller (left): a pessimist who considers himself deliriously happy, the artist brims with paradox

CRISTINE GUEST

ART

Alex Colville's terrible beauty

Menace lurks in the paintings of a master

BY JOHN DeMONT

The angular, monk-like face is burned into the memory of anyone who has ever stared at his haunting self-portraits. But the reality of the smiling, brush-cut guy in the shapeless T-shirt, khakis and deck shoes who pushes open the door of his Wolfville, N.S., home collides with the image. "Excuse my clothes, I just cycled in from the cottage," says Alex Colville, 74, card-carrying Conservative, lover of guns, believer in absolute evil and creator of some of the eeriest paintings ever to grace a gallery wall. Then again, today he's full of surprises—including a rare offer to show a visitor the third floor studio where he recently put the final touches on his latest painting, *Embarkation*, which, a day earlier, was shipped to his dealer, the Drabinsky Gallery in Toronto. Sunlight bathes the sparely decorated, high-ceilinged room. Even there, the unexpected: atop a stack of Mozart compact discs sits the latest recording by k.d. lang, the trail-blazing Alberta-born singer, who seems about as far removed from the dignified, austere Nova Scotia painter as is humanly possible.

Colville's personality, it becomes apparent in a three-hour interview with *Maclean's*, is as perplexing as his work. He is a giant in the world of art who eschews big-city celebrity for an obscure life in a tiny university town in Nova Scotia's luminous Annapolis Valley; an artistic perfectionist who occasionally works in tailor-made Savile Row suits and treasures the fact that his canvases fetch at least as much as those of almost any living Canadian painter (about $150,000 apiece), an intellectual, profoundly pessimistic about life, who still considers himself deliriously happy. Colville brims with paradox. That is reflected in his paintings, which at first seem straightforward depictions of ordinary life, but gradually suggest a darker sensibility. Critics, meanwhile, are widely divergent on the merits of his work. Whereas a British critic once labelled his canvases "a turning point in the history of art in the 20th century," Toronto's *The Globe and Mail* has dismissed him as "virtually of no creative consequence."

The opening last week of a Colville retrospective at The Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, on view until Jan. 15, will undoubtedly reopen the debate. (Kingston, Ont.'s Agnes Etherington Art Centre also has a Colville show of selected drawings until Nov. 6.) The 25 paintings, 10 silk screens and 346 related sketches hanging at the MMFA, most of them created between 1983 and 1994, show Colville at his powerful, enigmatic best, using his trademark images of nature and the everyday world to ask the most fundamental of life's questions. As exhibit curator Philip Fry, a visual arts professor at the University of Ottawa, puts it: "His work in the past 10 years amounts to an essay on existence."

In the eyes of some viewers, Colville's world view is almost too bleak to consider. They glimpse impending doom in a black stallion in *Church and Horse* (1964), menace in a roadside figure in *Traveller* (1992), violence in a nude female at the top of the stairs in *Woman with Revolver* (1987)—all of which are included in the MMFA retrospective. Says Christopher Ondaatje, the Toronto financier, adventurer and art collector who provided most of the funds to buy Colville's *Ocean Limited* (1962) from Sotheby's (Canada) Inc. for $148,500 last May and donated it to the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. "With Colville, you always have the sense that something awful is just about to happen."

Standing in his tidy studio, looking far too healthy and happy to fit the role of brooding artist, Colville seems a little puzzled by this dark reading of his work. "Frankly, other people seem to see it more than I do," he says with a slight note of exasperation. Colville speaks in complete, complex sentences sprinkled with references to everyone from French philosopher Albert Camus to Hollywood filmmaker Steven Spielberg. When asked to explain the point of his paintings, he evokes Buddhist philosophy and quotes a line by British romantic poet William Wordsworth—*Though nothing can bring back the hour/Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower*—before coming to the point. "I think in a sense the things I show are moments in which everything seems perfect and something is revealed," he says.

Could be, but anyone who stares at a Colville canvas for long knows that an indefinable uneasiness lingers beneath his images of birds, dogs, cars, trucks, boats and trains, as well as women who bear an uncanny resemblance to Rhoda, 73, his wife of 52 years, and the crew-cut men who look undeniably like the artist himself. "Each of his paintings has the quiet ring of destiny far in the background," says Fry, who thinks Colville has been mistakenly classified in the past as a realist painter, interested mainly in depicting the actual world. "In all of his paintings he captures a moment in which fundamental choices are made."

Colville's somewhat bleak vision has been forged through his voluminous reading—his biggest influences include novelists Joseph Conrad and Thomas Mann and philosophers Martin Heidegger and Hannah Arendt—and the horror he saw as a Second World War artist. "I've always felt that the whole thing is very fragile and can come apart at any moment," he says. To illustrate, he chooses the metaphor of watching a glider plane flying across a blue sky with the nagging knowledge that as beautiful as the scene is, sooner or later the glider will have to come crashing back to earth. Yet, Colville does not wallow in despair—far from it. Even a bout with prostate cancer five years ago simply reinforced his long-held view that life is most fully realized when you understand that it is finite.

The demand for his paintings and the high price they command have enabled Colville to live on his own terms. There are the expensive suits, the succession of European luxury cars and the fine hotels he frequents when travelling in North America or abroad. Not for him the bohemian artist's life. The son of a steel plant worker and supervisor, he was born in Toronto and moved to Amherst, N.S., at the age of 9. Early on, Colville made a conscious decision, he recalls, "not to live like a God damn serf." By then, he had made an even more momentous choice—to be an artist rather than a lawyer, politician, military officer or one of the other career paths he had considered.

He was a scholarship student at Mount Allison University in Sackville, N.B.—just across the New Brunswick border from Amherst—graduating with a bachelor of fine arts degree in 1942. That same year he married Rhoda Wright, a fellow student in the fine arts program at Mount Allison. A few months later, he enlisted in the Canadian Army with the ambition of being a war artist. In May, 1944, he headed overseas and spent the next year recording troop landings in the south of France and following the Canadian infantry through Holland and into Germany. Colville had a productive war, completing 125 works that are now preserved in the Canadian War Museum art collection. "When the war end-

ed," he says, "I thought, 'Boy I've seen a lot and I have a lot to think about. In order to handle this I have to get away.' "

An art-teaching post that Mount Allison offered him in 1946 seemed the perfect solution. Four years later, he completed *Nude and Dummy*, a haunting, powerful work that signified a breakthrough for the 30-year-old artist. All the same, it took another 13 years until Colville, by then a father of four with only a couple of small exhibitions under his belt, resigned from Mount Allison to devote himself full time to painting. "People thought what I was doing was just crazy," he recalls. "Everyone was doing Jackson Pollock and all that crazy abstract stuff. Most of them thought I was just too dumb to know what was going on. But I've never had that much interest in what other people were doing."

Three decades later, he is still swimming against the artistic currents of the day. "Alex stands apart from the general trends of art in Canada and the world in art," says Fry. Acceptance came first in Europe, where a German critic once hailed him as "the most important realist painter of the Western world." But that streak of stubborn independence has not always made him a darling of the commentators at home. After viewing his 1983 retrospective at the Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto critic John Bentley Mays wrote, "Its widespread popularity and potential as a crowd-pleaser apart, Colville's art is worthy of inclusion in a small didactic group show of realists from Canada's Atlantic region, nothing more."

Such opinions seem to mean little to Colville as he walks through the roomy, comfortable home where he and his wife have lived since 1973. Rhoda grew up in the stucco house, which was built in the early 1920s and overlooks Wolfville's main street. The interior is decorated with assorted art and antiques. The best walls, however, are reserved for Colville's own silk screens. "I don't believe in being self-deprecating," he says. "I don't want to be compared to Tom Thomson and all of this Canadian stuff. I want to be compared to the great painters in history."

For now, Colville has to be satisfied that his pictures hang in galleries and private collections as far away as Germany and Japan. The high prices for his canvases leave a handsome profit after the dealer's 50-percent cut. Along with material wealth—he says he earned $250,000 last year—his success has also brought honors, including a stint as chancellor of Acadia University in Wolfville and being named a companion of the Order of Canada.

Over the years, though, little has really changed for Colville. He and Rhoda live like any other affluent, small-town couple, enjoying their mongrel dog, Min, summering at their nearby cottage and having regular visits from their children and grandchildren. He remains a voracious reader and avid supporter of the federal Progressive Conservative Party. He also loves cruising through Wolfville's leafy streets in his Volvo station wagon—he sold the Porsche in June—and occasionally dropping in at a nearby gun club to sharpen his aim with a pistol. The Toronto art crowd makes him out to be some kind of hermit, but that may stem from the fact that his list of friends includes a car dealer and the owner of a Wolfville dry-cleaning business, but precious few painters.

Ultimately, he'd rather make art than talk about it. When working, he rises at 6 a.m., takes Min for a 30-minute walk, has a big breakfast and is in the studio by 8, where he remains for the next four hours. "I approach my work just like an accountant," he says of his notoriously meticulous technique, which, on average, enables him to complete just three paintings and silk screens in total per year.

After half a century, the process is still the same. Colville starts with a feeling, which may have been bubbling around in his brain for years. In search of an image to embody the notion, he begins a series of simple doodles, which progressively become more precise. Once he finds what he is looking for, he develops a carefully measured geometric model for the work. From there, Colville completes dozens of life drawings. Then the artistic and geometric images are melded together on particleboard. He spends the next few months building up the images with layers of acrylic paint. Finally, the surface is sealed with an acrylic varnish. "Anyone working in the visual arts is a kind of artisan," he says. Few carry this concept as far as Colville, who personally makes the frames for his paintings and produces his own silk screens in the studio.

Never exactly prolific in the first place, Colville has slowed little because of age. "When I'm working on something I tend to be obsessive," he says. All the same, when he does find time to cast an eye over his output, such as the 11 years of work now on display in Montreal, Colville is "pleased and surprised" by what he sees. As for the ultimate historical verdict on his work, he simply shrugs and says, "You do the best you can and whether you are great or not, who knows?" And then he departs, a lean, suntanned senior citizen heading back on his bicycle to the cottage. He looks decidedly ordinary. Yet the knowledge that the rider spends his days bound up in the big questions about existence adds an unsettling subtext to the scene. Almost, in fact, like one of Alex Colville's paintings. □



PAINTING: CHURCH AND HORSE BY ALEX COLVILLE 1984

Church and Horse ***'With Colville, you always have the sense that something awful is just about to happen'***

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To praise and to bury



Bliss: hard on Mulroney, respect for Trudeau

RIGHT HONOURABLE MEN: THE DESCENT OF CANADIAN POLITICS FROM MACDONALD TO MULRONEY
By Michael Bliss
(HarperCollins 336 pages $29)

Not all Canadian prime ministers get a chapter of their own in historian Michael Bliss's new work, *Right Honourable Men*. Tories Arthur Meighen and R. B. Bennett have to share one. Others, such as Alexander Mackenzie, Canada's first Liberal prime minister, or Kim Campbell and John Turner, are reduced to little more than footnotes. But Brian Mulroney gets a chapter all to himself that is only two pages shorter than the chapter on Pierre Trudeau, and two pages longer than Lester Pearson's—statistics that Mulroney would not think trivial. Mulroney, however, may wish that Bliss, a professor at the University of Toronto, had stuck to the social and economic studies that he has written in the past. For historian Bliss is not kind to Mulroney, a man consumed by how history will rate him.

By the time of his retirement, Mulroney's personal popularity—and his party's—had fallen to an all-time low. The party richly deserved the drubbing it took in last October's election, Bliss concludes. The arguments over whether Mulroney or Campbell was to blame for the debacle were futile, he adds, as few faces had changed in the transition from one government to the other. "They had all been cut from the same cloth," says Bliss. The party was out of touch, it had lost its credibility, its moral centre and its connection to the governed.

For Bliss, the judgment of the people seems a final verdict. Since Confederation, power has gradually shifted from the political elites to the people, he argues, culminating in the electorate's rejection of the Charlottetown constitutional deal in the 1992 referendum. Canada's best prime ministers, William Lyon Mackenzie King and Trudeau, both "had an abiding faith in popular sovereignty" and both realized that the power they wielded was only borrowed.

But *Right Honourable Men* is not a political science tract on democracy, nor a dry recitation of the lives of Canadian prime ministers. Bliss's skilful prose and caustic wit—which sometimes borders on the savage—make for a lively text. Mulroney "would have been an excellent mayor of Boston in the 1940s," writes Bliss, who later describes the former prime minister as a "glad-handing ambitious throwback to the political world of the 19th century."

Arthur Meighen, briefly prime minister in the 1920s but known chiefly for his failed tenure as Tory leader, suffers perhaps the most severe mauling. Like Robert Stanfield in contemporary times, Meighen lost because he was not up to the task, Bliss argues. If Stanfield was an "aging slow-moving butler claiming a right to sit at the head of the table," the arrogant Meighen, a onetime high school teacher who blamed the public for his defeats, did not understand the country he was trying to lead and lacked the fundamental skills needed for leadership. "Like Joe Clark and Brian Mulroney in the 1980s," Bliss writes, "he was born to be a lieutenant, not a general."

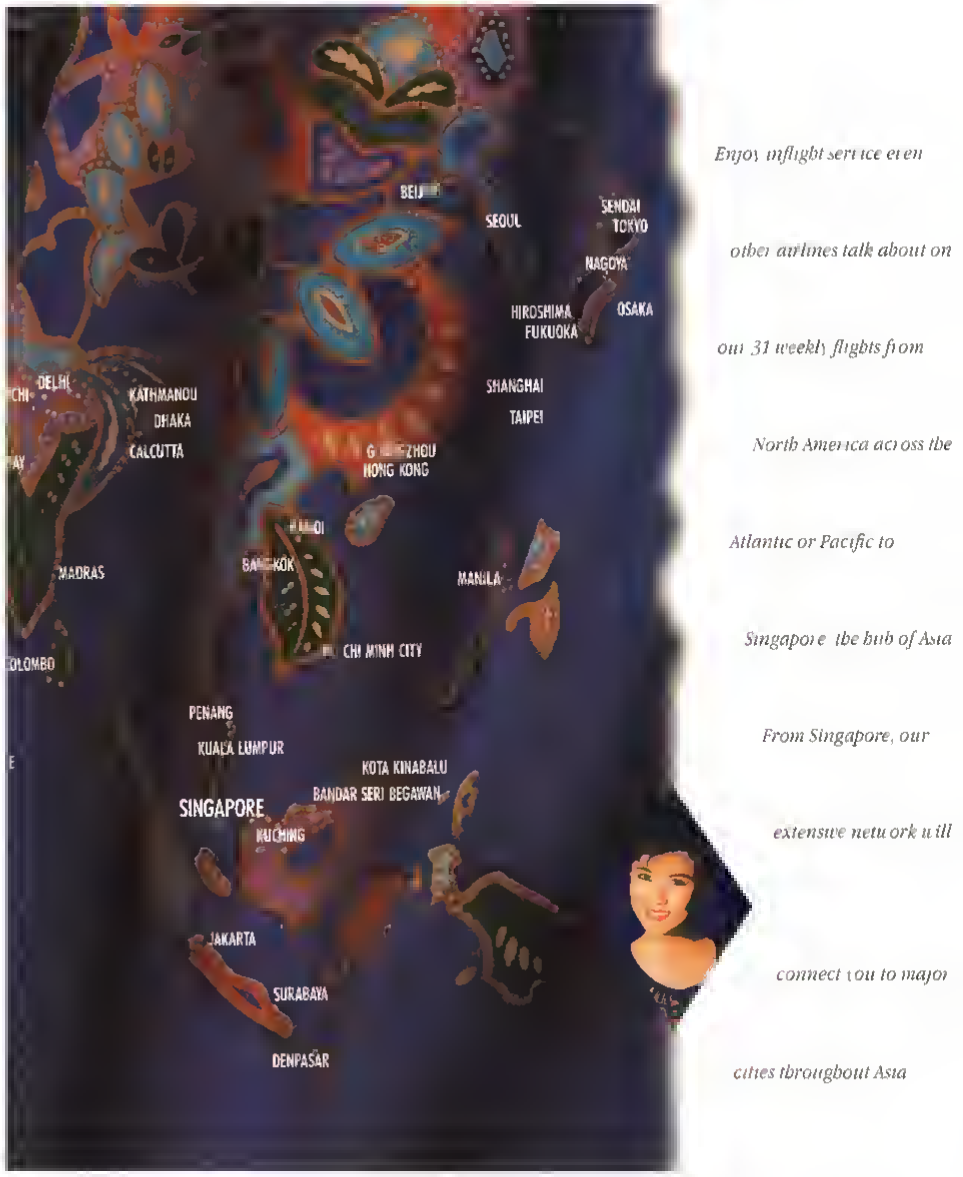
Bliss saves his highest praise for King, Canada's longest serving prime minister who led the Liberal party for nearly three decades and played a key role in national politics for almost half a century. For all his personal quirks, King was "the leader who divided us least," Bliss writes, quoting with approval the assessment of historian and social activist Frank Underhill. And Bliss finds Underhill's subsequent comment prescient. "Perhaps this is as much as we shall ever be able to say, for a long time to come, about Canadian unity."

King has been mocked as a fence sitter interested only in maintaining power, famed for his wartime nostrum "Not necessarily conscription but conscription if necessary." But the policy worked. Bliss notes. When King finally did impose conscription in 1944, there was no repetition of the 1918 Quebec City riots. King's record was condemned after his retirement by poet Frank Scott. *He blunted us/We had no shape/Because he never took sides/And no sides/Because he never allowed them to form.* But with another Quebec referendum looming, such condemnation may in fact be high praise. "In a country like ours," King once wrote, "the art of government is largely one of seeking to reconcile rather than to exaggerate differences."

Trudeau can hardly be called a conciliator, but Bliss accords him the same respect he gives King. In his view, Trudeau's greatest achievement was the charter of rights, with its limits on the power of political leaders and its underlying principle that the people, and not Parliament, are sovereign. While noting Trudeau's failures, such as the National Energy Program, Bliss says that "Trudeau's career was about enabling Canadians to take control of their lives." Even after his retirement, he remained "the most effective political warrior in Canada during the Mulroney years, because Canadians respected him."

Right Honourable Men is not, as Bliss freely admits, a work of original research. But it does fill an important gap in drawing together sketches of Canada's most important leaders. Bliss points out that Canadian historians in recent years have concentrated their research on almost everything except politics. His book may signal a revival of interest in political history—which may not be welcome news to politicians on the receiving end of that scrutiny.

WARREN CARAGATA





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BOOKS

Lexicon for the leery

THE DOUBTER'S COMPANION
By John Ralston Saul
(Viking, 342 pages, $28.99)

If a prize were offered for the most dangerous book of the year, it might well go to John Ralston Saul's *The Doubter's Companion*. It purports to be a dictionary. But although it does bear some resemblance to one—there are more than 300 entries—the "definitions" it offers are highly entertaining mini-essays by Saul on subjects ranging from Big Macs to free trade, neoconservatism to penises. The book is dangerous because it heaves a big, juicy mud pie in the face of conventional wisdom. Among its suggestions: that debt-burdened nations simply walk away from their debts; that expert economists and business-school graduates do not know what they are doing; that eating the kind of apples available today is more likely to bring on the doctor than keep him away. It may all sound like the ravings of a crank, but there is a strangely seductive common sense in Saul's crankiness. People who read his book are in danger of becoming cranks themselves—or, as Saul approvingly calls them, "doubters."

At first glance, *The Doubter's Companion* appears to comprise a lot of renegade opinions fired off every which way. But there is a consistent argument behind it all—one that Saul, a Canadian novelist and intellectual, first developed in his 1993 book, *Voltaire's Bastards*. That study looked at the increasing fetish Western civilization has made of what Saul calls "rational structures." The term refers to systems of both thought and organization that depend heavily on specialized language, knowledge and methods. They are dominated by "experts"—the sort of people, such as doctors, economists, education specialists or the executives of big corporations, who are forever telling society what direction it should take. The problem, Saul argues, is that they are often wrong, largely because they are capable of viewing society only through the specialized interest lenses of their own disciplines or organizations.

An author rejects the belief in experts

One of Saul's most striking examples of this "rational blindness" in *Voltaire's Bastards* concerns Robert McNamara, the Detroit auto executive who became the U.S. secretary of defence under President John F. Kennedy. He reorganized the nation's army along the "rational" lines of the Ford Motor Co., and in the process undermined both efficiency and morale and contributed to America's catastrophic defeat in Vietnam.

The Doubter's Companion lays into the McNamaras of every stripe, pointing out that, like the emperor in the fairy tale, such self-appointed experts are often clad only in their pretensions. Some of his favorite targets are the big-business leaders and economic pundits who loudly (yet somehow vaguely) proclaim the benefits of an unhindered, unregulated capitalism. Saul argues quite convincingly that capitalism is like nuclear fuel—very useful if properly handled and contained, destructive if allowed to do whatever it wants. Under the entries "Free Trade" and "Global Economy," he predicts poverty for many countries if completely free global trade comes into effect (he is equally hard, however, on extreme protectionists). In the same vein, he lambastes NAFTA for freeing "the transnational corporation and its managers from geographical realities and obligations," comparing it unfavorably with the more socially comprehensive trade policies of the European Community. And he lashes out at those economic determinists who, he says, devalue and destroy human freedom by claiming that the move to completely open trade is irresistible.

Whether savaging a trade pact or dissecting some trivial consumer item, Saul has a flair for exposing the rationalist sawdust at its heart. He describes the bland Big Mac as "the communion wafer of consumption. Not really food but the promise of food"—a triumph, in short, of marketing over reality. He defines a corporate executive as "not a capitalist but a technocrat in drag," and he describes a think tank as "an organization which invents disinterested intellectual justifications for the policies of the corporate groups that fund it." Muzak he terms "a public noise neither requested nor listened to by individuals. It is the descendant of a school of public relations invented by the Nazis"—namely, the "total motivational atmosphere" of the Nuremberg rallies.



Saul: a big, juicy mud pie in the face of conventional wisdom

When not demystifying the smoke and mirrors of the rationalists, Saul makes it clear that he does believe in something. He calls it humanism, praising it as the richest and most difficult of all philosophies. It involves honoring and balancing the various human capacities: morality, common sense, creativity, experience, intuition, reason. By letting reason run amok, humanity has produced a terrible lopsidedness that has generated waste and suffering. By re-embracing its wholeness, Saul argues, mankind can create a more humane and democratic society.

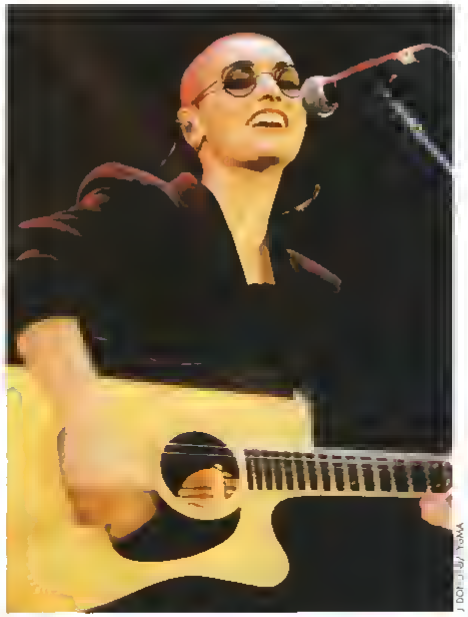
His position suffers—as his trivializing comments about psychologists Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung make clear—from undervaluing the role of irrational forces, for good or ill, in shaping human life. Yet, on the whole, *The Doubter's Companion* is a welcome handbook to the confusions of the age. It encourages people not only to doubt, but to think for themselves. A dangerous book indeed. Perhaps the authorities should burn it now.

JOHN BEMROSE

Wry, raw, romantic

On four albums, songwriters sing of love and anger

UNIVERSAL MOTHER
Sinéad O'Connor
(Chrysalis/EMI)



J. DORI—LIAISON

She is known for being both forthright and naive. And her tendency to shoot off her mouth in public has landed her in hot water more than a few times. But fans of Sinéad O'Connor will be happy to hear that on her fourth album the Irish firebrand once again pulls no punches, offering songs as sensitive and painfully honest as anything she has done to date. *Universal Mother* includes a gentle lullaby to her seven-year-old son, Jake, and a tender ballad about a mentally handicapped child. The stark *All Babies*, meanwhile, deals with the spiritual needs of children. "All babies are born out of great pain," she sings, "... crying/for no one remembers God's name." Overall, O'Connor imbues the songs with a quiet, almost hymnlike quality. The exceptions are *Famine*, an angry rap about Irish history, and *Fire on Babylon*, a raging look back at her Roman Catholic upbringing, in which her voice rises dramatically from a whisper to a scream. Whether confronting demons or singing like an angel, O'Connor continues to serve up some of pop's most haunting sounds.

I LOVE EVERYBODY
Lyle Lovett
(Curb/MCA)

To celebrity-followers, he is Mr. Julia Roberts, the country-music ugly duckling who married Hollywood's reigning princess. But to lovers of fine songs, he is Lyle Lovett, the master tunesmith with a sense of humor as dry as the flatlands of his native Texas. Although he was initially pegged a country artist, Lovett's musical tastes are far more eclectic, ranging from big band jazz to folk and blues. His latest album, *I Love Everybody*, is a largely folk-flavored collection of 18 witty ballads and sweet love songs. *The Fat Girl* cleverly looks at the consequences of childhood cruelty, while *Sonja* is a bittersweet tune about an unattainable waitress with an unrhymeable name. But Lovett shows his serious side on romantic numbers including *Just the Morning*, in which he tenderly sings "Lie beside me/Whisper to me that you want me." And *They Don't Like Me* features a wry view of in-law hell: "He's really not all that ugly, dear/She could've done much worse." With a songwriter-husband as gifted as Lovett, it would be hard for Roberts to do much better.



STEVE EICHNER/PICTURE PERFECT

O'Connor, Lovett (right): painful honesty and a sense of humor as dry as the Texas flatlands

WHIP-SMART
Liz Phair
(Matador/Warner)

The sexual frankness of her debut album, *Exile in Guyville*, thrust Liz Phair instantly into the limelight. Recorded as a female answer to *Exile on Main Street* by The Rolling Stones, its off-the-cuff songs about relationships—many focusing on various sexual acts—drew rave reviews and led *The Village Voice* to name Phair's *Exile* 1993's album of the year. Her followup, *Whip-Smart*, although less explicitly preoccupied with sex, is every bit as provocative. *Chopsticks*, with its child-like piano accompaniment, gibly details an empty one-night stand, while *Supernova*, a driving rocker, celebrates a lover's talent in bed with such unlikely descriptions as "Your kisses are as wicked as an M-16." But the album's most surprising songs are those that examine the darker side of love. *X Ray Man* and *Jealousy* are caustic portraits of philandering partners, the latter featuring such bitter lines as "Imagine me behind your eyes/And what did I see? I saw lips, I saw thighs/I saw positions we've never tried." With *Whip-Smart*, Phair has gotten wise to the downside of life in Guyville.

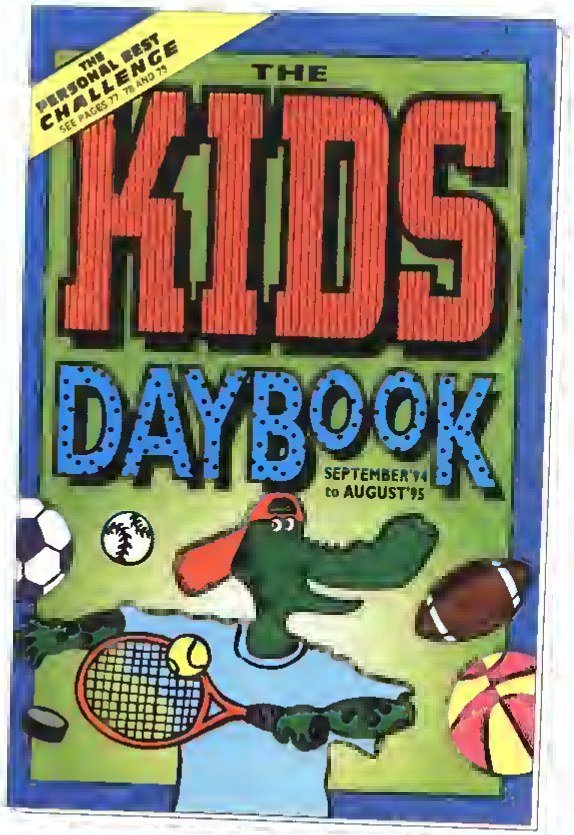
MONSTER
R.E.M.
(Warner)

Just when it seemed that reluctant superstars R.E.M. had grown comfortable with the accessible sound that brought them fame, the band from Athens, Ga., throws it all out the window in favor of a raw, noisy album that harks back to its post-punk roots. But *Monster* is no retro disaster. In fact, with Peter Buck's snarling guitars and the throbbing rhythms of bassist Mike Mills and drummer Bill Berry, the album bristles with the energy of younger bands such as Nirvana and Soundgarden.

The conviction that the band displays over its 12 diverse tracks is no less impressive. But vocalist Michael Stipe, who had only recently begun singing intelligibly, has reverted to his earlier mumbling—a shame, because the lyrics that can be understood are intriguing. On *Crush with Eyeliner*, an amusing number about a poseur's attempt to get a woman's attention, Stipe sings, "How can I make myself faker to make her mine?"—all the while insisting "I am the real thing." Maybe the reason for the band's tough new attitude can be found in another song, *King of Comedy*, in which Stipe sings angrily, "I'm not your magazine/I'm not your television/I'm not your movie screen/I'm not commodity." Rejecting the trappings of stardom, R.E.M. has embraced its role as one of America's most fiercely uncompromising bands.

NICHOLAS JENNINGS

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FILMS

Two exercises in style

From B-movie camp to stereotypical romance

ED WOOD
Directed by Tim Burton



Depp (left), Landau: transvestite naif

He has been called the worst director in Hollywood history—a claim in keeping with the hyperbole that fuelled his career B-movie maker Ed Wood did not try to make bad movies, but he became very good at it. His *Plan 9 From Outer Space* (1959) is a classic of slapdash science fiction. Through that odd alchemy of pop culture, dreck has been transformed into kitsch, making Wood (who died in 1978) a cult legend. Now, director Tim Burton (*Batman*) pays tribute to the man with *Ed Wood*, an ironic yet affectionate portrait.

Filming in black and white, Burton mimics the cheesy style of his subject to create a biography in the form of a mock-'50s artifact. Johnny Depp plays Wood as a naïve, big hearted optimist, a cockeyed purveyor of the American Dream who likes dressing up in women's clothes—an obsession that becomes the subject of his first feature, *Glen or Glenda*. Scrambling to make movies on a shoestring, the star struck Wood resurrects Bela Lugosi (Martin Landau) from obscurity. The ailing drug addicted Lugosi becomes the sepulchral cornerstone of a bizarre troupe that includes TV horror queen Vampira (Lisa Marie) and Swedish wrestler Tor Johnson (George Steele). A mincing Bill Murray portrays gay camp-follower Bunny Breckinridge.

While Depp is likable, the movie's heart and soul belong to Landau, who brings Lugosi back from the grave with a superb performance. Skimming over Wood's romances with two generic blondes—played by Sarah Jessica Parker and Patricia Arquette—the story hinges on his devotion to Lugosi, which echoes Burton's own relationship with horror legend Vincent Price. *Ed Wood* is funny, well-crafted and cute. As usual, Burton's stylistic conceits wear thin, but for once that seems forgivable. Like a schlock meister manqué, he has made a good bad movie to call his own.

ONLY YOU
Directed by Norman Jewison



Scene from Only You: *gorgeous postcard settings for a delightful confection*

Most romantic comedy relies on a basic formula: a man and woman who are destined for each other meet in unlikely circumstances and stumble their way to true love against ridiculous odds. The trick is to make the formula seem both fresh and warmly familiar. And *Only You*, the 26th movie directed by Canadian film-maker Norman Jewison, succeeds in doing just that—despite a cumbersome premise. Marisa Tomei plays Faith, a ditzy young woman who clings to an irrational belief in destiny. As a child, she asks a Ouija board about her romantic future, and it spells out the name Damon Bradley. Years later, and days before her wedding to a boring podiatrist, she intercepts a call from an old friend of her fiance who is soon to board a flight for Venice. Just before hanging up, he introduces himself—as Damon Bradley. Impulsively, Faith takes the next plane to Venice, with Kate (Bonnie Hunt), her sensible best friend and sister-in-law, reluctantly tagging along. A hectic chase takes them to Rome, where they meet a shoe salesman (Robert Downey Jr.), who answers to the name Damon Bradley. Finally, the fun begins.

Early in the story, Faith looks up the Latin root of the word "destiny"—the verb *destinare*, meaning "to take a trail where the events are totally predetermined." It could also define the experience of watching a formula movie, and at first that is exactly what *Only You* appears to be. Jewison is working with familiar ingredients. Like last year's *Sleepless in Seattle*, his new film is a tale of two strangers meeting across a distance, one of them engaged to a hopelessly dull fiance. And it, too, taps into a nostalgia for old-fashioned Hollywood romance, featuring clips from *South Pacific* just as *Sleepless in Seattle* quoted *An Affair to Remember*. Jewison also pays shameless homage to his own romantic comedy hit *Moonstruck* (1987), with a story of a relentless suitor, dollops of Italian opera and more than one close-up of a pizza-pie moon filling the screen.

But as marriages go, *Moonstruck* meets *Sleepless in Seattle* is not so shabby. And just when it seems that the plot is set on a predictable course, the script (by newcomer Diane Drake) delivers a magnificent comic surprise. Much of the narrative hinges on the quicksilver character played by Downey, who is wonderfully light on his feet. With an agility reminiscent of his performance in *Chaplin*, he looks as if he is dying to break into a Fred Astaire dance number at any moment. Tomei is less captivating. She seems altogether too enamored of her own coquettish charm. Meanwhile, Hunt, undermining the cliche of the best friend, quietly steals the movie from her with a beautifully understated performance.

If nothing else, *Only You* unfolds as an irresistible travelogue through Italy. Cinematographer Sven Nykvist serves up gorgeous images of postcard settings that range from the hills of Tuscany to the cliffs of Positano. The result is a delightful confection, a fancy *tartufo* ice cream with a surprise inside. Reinventing a proven recipe with the grace of an old master, Jewison has recaptured the *Moonstruck* magic.

BRIAN D. JOHNSON



When did you first learn the value of a good mechanic?

Snap-on Tools

A tribute to the automotive technicians who keep us moving

COLUMN



Where has all the sport gone?

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM



And so it has come to this. The myth that sport is grown men playing little boys' games is shattered. At last we have reality.

Those of us who are broken-down sportswriters remember the days when the real guys—the tough weather-beaten chaps in the newsroom—used to refer to the sports section as "the toy department." Nothing serious going on there, just wanna-be jocks out covering illiterate hunks who drank beer and muttered monosyllabic cliches.

Now the only people capable of covering sport come from *The Wall Street Journal*. You have to be a Philadelphia lawyer before entering a dressing room. A calculator is more important than a typewriter—that antique relic.

The billionaire owners in boardrooms are at war with millionaire athletes and their agents. Who gives a damn about the fans?

As the baseball season goes the way of the lawyers, so goes down the drain for the first time in 90 years the World Series—named by the way not because of global significance but because of a trophy offered by the now-defunct *New York World*.

Down the tube goes hockey, a New York City commissioner now in charge of what used to be Canada's game, now so demeaned by commerce that it has a club called the Mighty Ducks. Walt Disney's heirs now don't even stir Foster Hewitt in his grave.

By accident, by coincidence, as two of the three major sports fade to black, America's magnificent PBS network has been airing Ken Burns's beautiful paean to baseball, 18 hours of calm research into what once was "the national pastime" before the consultants and the legal beagles took it over.

Burns, whose Civil War documentary told Americans more about their history than they ever imagined, does the same in this classic black-and-white series narrated by the dry voice of John Chancellor, who the last time I saw him was at a G-7 conference in Venice at Harry's Bar where he sat drinking late in the evening and then, gracefully and slowly, fell off his bar stool onto the floor.

Such is life. He graced Ken Burns's loving tribute to baseball that included Babe Ruth's response when a reporter pointed out that his $80,000 contract meant that he was paid more than President Herbert Hoover. "I had a better year than he had."

(Burns skipped over the fact, in his glowing portrait of Jackie Robinson as Branch Rickey's breaking of the color barrier in baseball, that the Brooklyn Dodger owner first market-tested Robinson during a year with the Montreal Royals before bringing him to the major leagues. And that Jackie's brother finished second to Jesse Owens in the 200 m at the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin graced by Adolf Schicklgruber.)

The wonderful marathon on the sport of the diamond went through Casey Stengel's agony as manager of the hapless New York Mets, whose inept first baseman Marvelous Marv Throneberry was known as Dr. Strangeglove. And Hack Wilson, who once drove in 190 runs for the Chicago Cubs while arriving at the ball park on many a day with a hangover that lasted until the sixth inning.

Today we have owners who don't understand a double-play and second basemen who don't know how to get out of bed until they phone their lawyer. Ted Williams, the last human to hit .400, wouldn't come out of the dugout to tip his cap when, at his last time at bat in his career, he hit a home run. John Updike, in *The New Yorker*, witnessing it, wrote: "Gods don't salute."

Now we have lawyers running the baseball game and the hockey game, which is the reason they are on strike. The basketball game is next. The last time they had an intelligent person running the joint was Bart Giamatti, who as commissioner of baseball had to do the painful thing of banning Pete Rose for life for betting on baseball; eight days later the commissioner died of a heart attack. Point taken.

Thanks to the lawyers (John Tory, who secretly runs the Canadian Fumbling League) and the commissioner (Larry Smith, former honcho of a frozen-food empire), Canada has been turned into the only nation extant that does not have its own pandemic sports league.

England has its soccer. The Land of Oz has its Aussie Rules Football. South Africa and New Zealand and even Samoa, not to mention Jamaica and Zimbabwe, are linked by cricket. Only Canada, sullied by Las Vegas and Sacramento and Shreveport, is too ashamed to brandish its own homegrown version that once sported Annis Stukus and Bunny Wadsworth and Joe Krol and Royal Copeland and Ronnie Stewart.

The sport that is now taken over by desiccated lawyers once used to sport Babe Ruth who, on being introduced to the King of Norway, said: "Hiya, king." And Bob Feller, taken out of an Iowa high school at 17 and elevated to the Cleveland Indians, was so overpowering with his fastball that a batter called out on a third strike turned to umpire Bill Klem and said: "Bill, didn't that last one *sound* a little low?"

And Max Bentley who skated in a way to put the Ice Capades to shame, and Sylvanus Apps, and Ted Lindsay who had more stitches than Zsa Zsa Gabor and started the first players' union and was traded because of it.

There is no sport left in sport. Sport is cruel commerce. The owners know it. The players, who secretly know they would do it for nothing on a Saskatchewan pond, know it.

We all know it.

'We have to talk openly about drinking, especially underage drinking'

Dr. Robert Perreault, Professor of Psychiatry, McGill University



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